

LUS. MOULS

LE MARTYR



MARTYRED PRESIDENT



# Special Notice to Agents and the Public.

**THIS PROSPECTUS** is necessarily incomplete owing to the short time allowed us in its preparation. But a few of the chapter headings and only about half of its illustrations are shown.

**THE COMPLETE BOOK** will tell the entire story of the assassination, the heroic struggle for life, the world wide grief, the popular indignation at the assassin, the last sad hours, the fortitude of the devoted invalid wife, the dying hours wherein he bade farewell and said, "Good-bye all, good-bye. It is God's way; His will be done;" the lying in state at Washington; the funeral train, the burial train and every item of interest connected with his visit to the exposition. **A FULL ACCOUNT OF ANARCHISM**, its principles, its prominent advocates, its methods and its victims will be given, together with the trial and punishment of the assassin. We guarantee that this book will be complete in every detail and more than please your subscribers when delivered.

**OUR AUTHOR, MURAT HALSTEAD**, is without doubt better fitted to write this **Official Memorial Volume** of our late beloved President than any other man in the country. His name alone is sufficient guarantee that the book will be all that we claim for it and assure for it the largest sale ever known on a book of this nature. An account of the assassination of President Lincoln and President Garfield will be added comparing them with that of President McKinley.

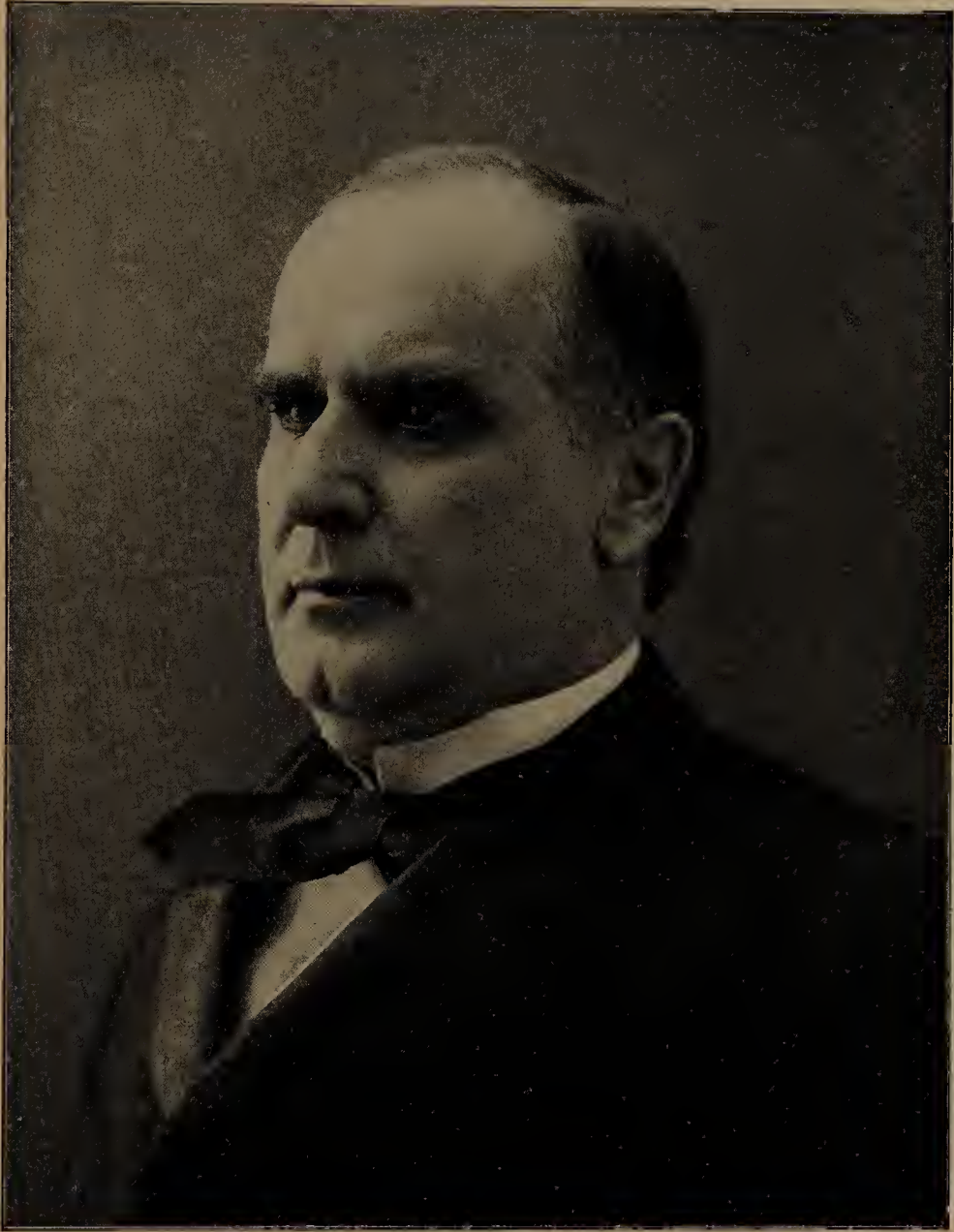
**IN ILLUSTRATION** we have left nothing undone. Every picture that could add interest to his whole life or to the assassination, death and funeral ceremonies will be found in the complete book. Every one made expressly for this book from original photographs.

**THE PUBLISHERS.**









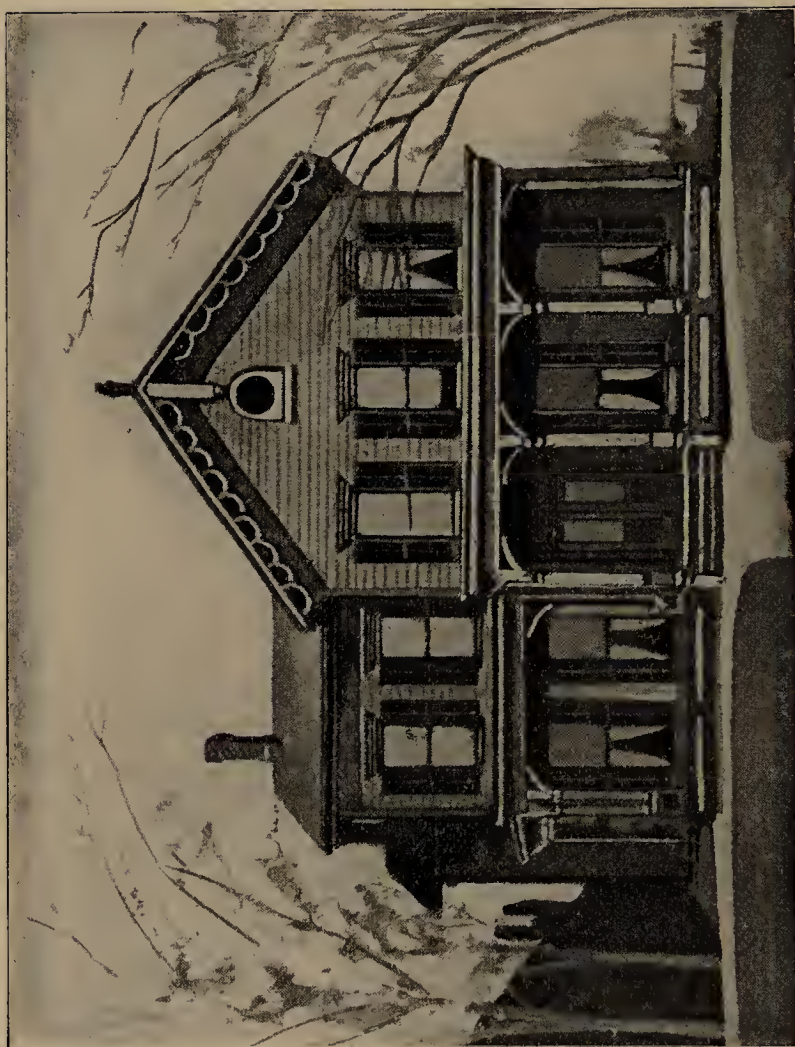
OUR LATE PRESIDENT.



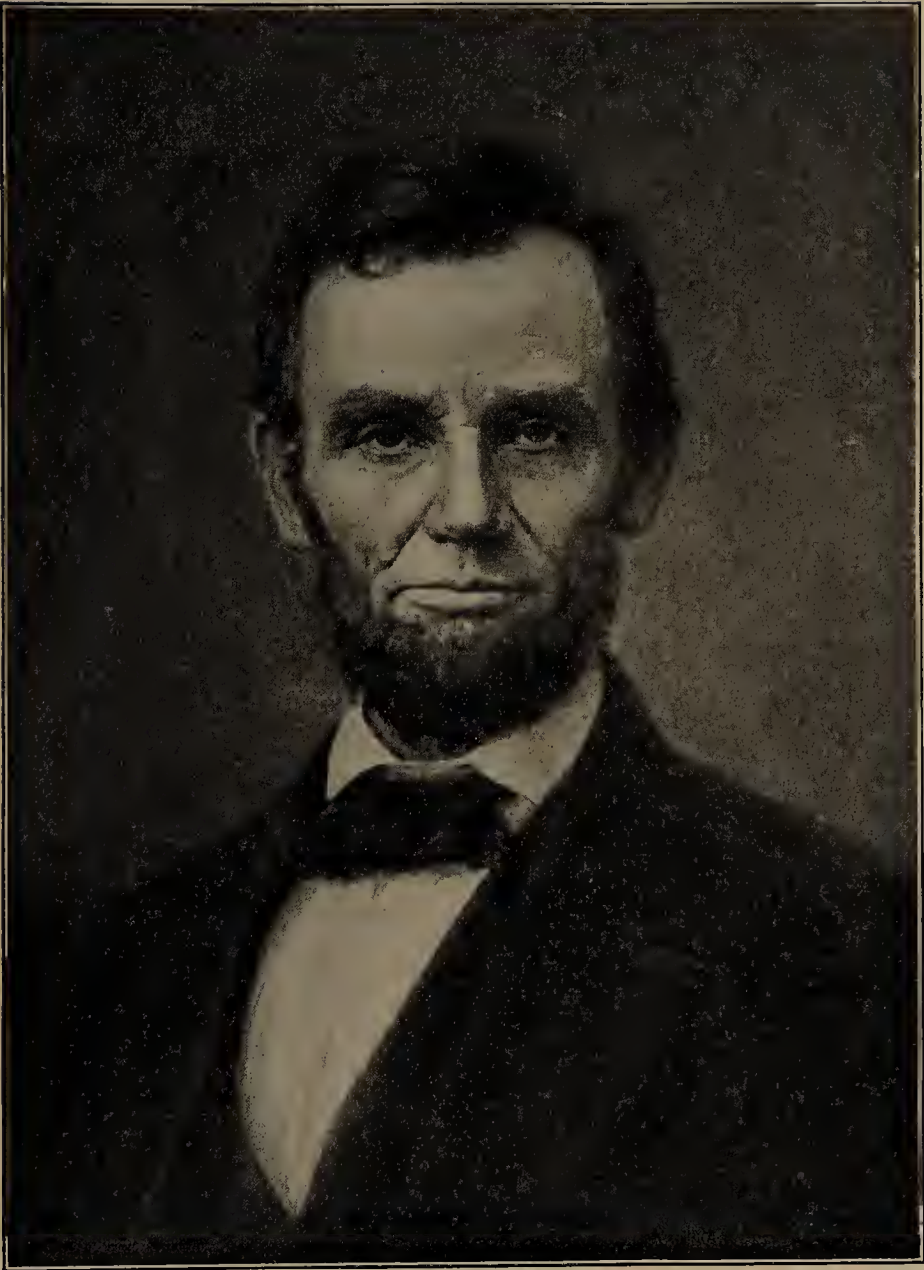
**THEODORE ROOSEVELT**



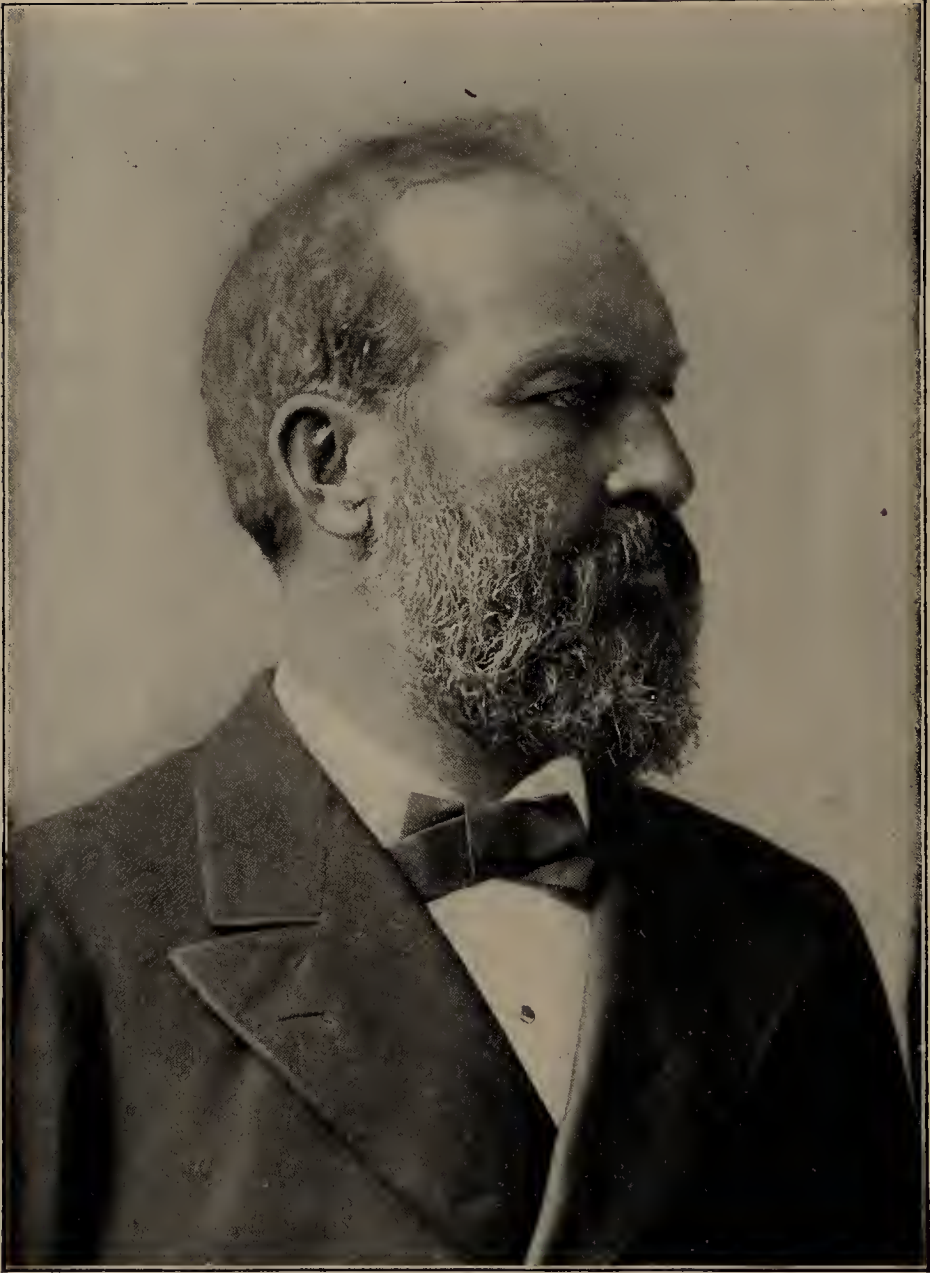
**MRS. McKINLEY.**



McKINLEY HOMESTEAD AT CANTON, OHIO.



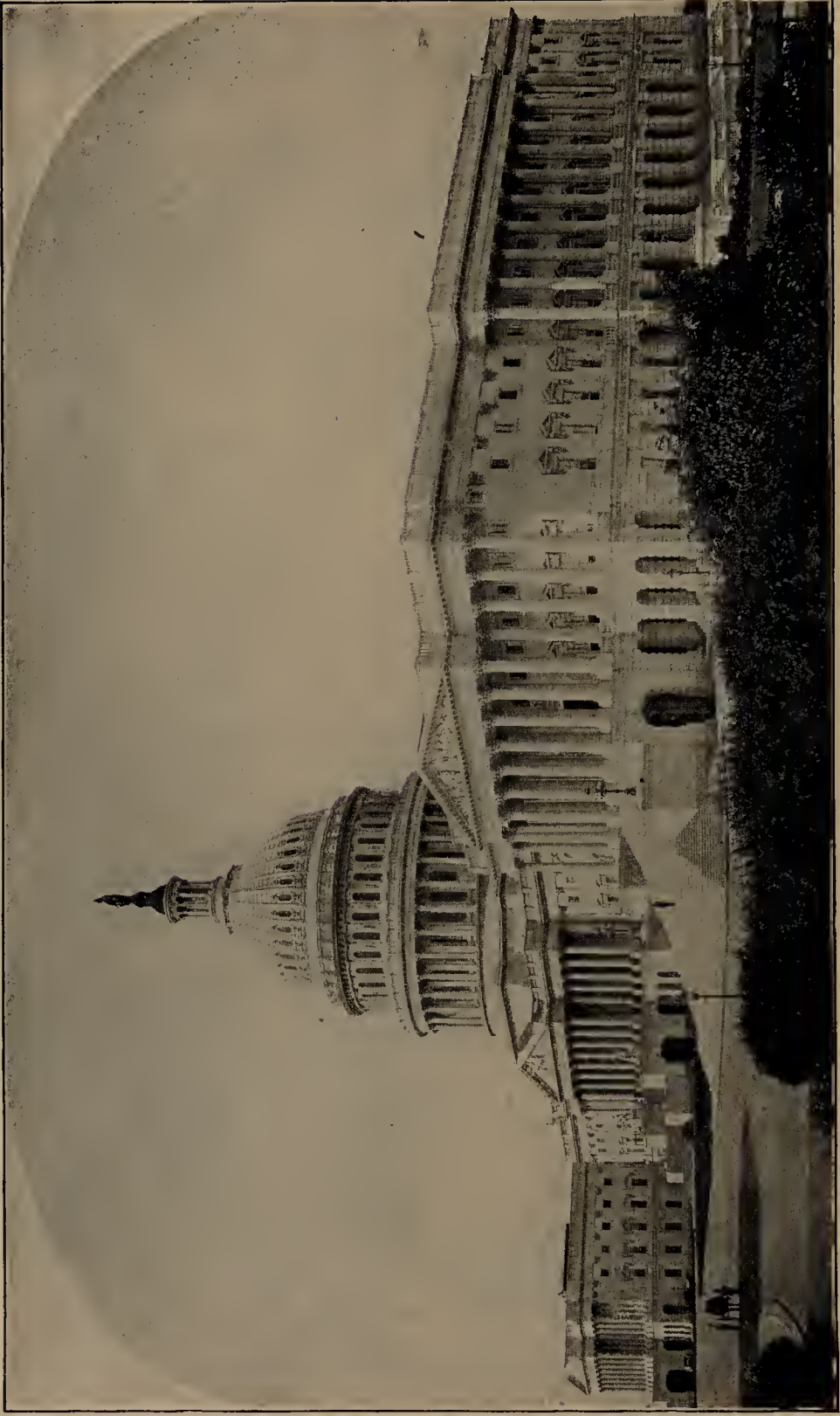
**ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ASSASSINATED IN 1865.**



**JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD, ASSASSINATED IN 1881.**



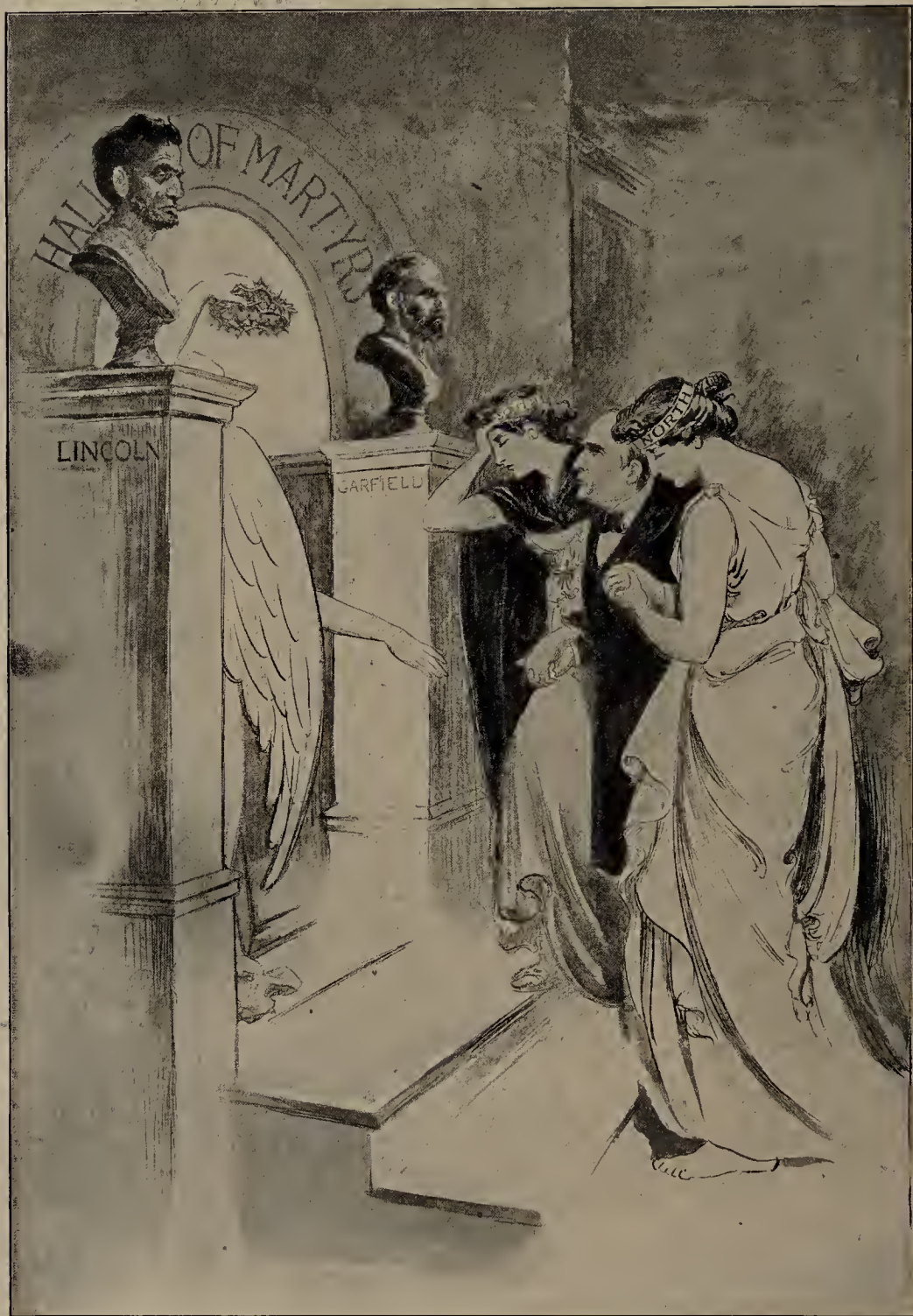
THREE PRESIDENTS WHO HAVE FALLEN VICTIMS TO ASSASSINS' BULLETS



THE NATIONAL CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND HIS WAR CABINET OF 1898.



ENTERING THE HALL OF MARTYRS.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S BIRTHPLACE.

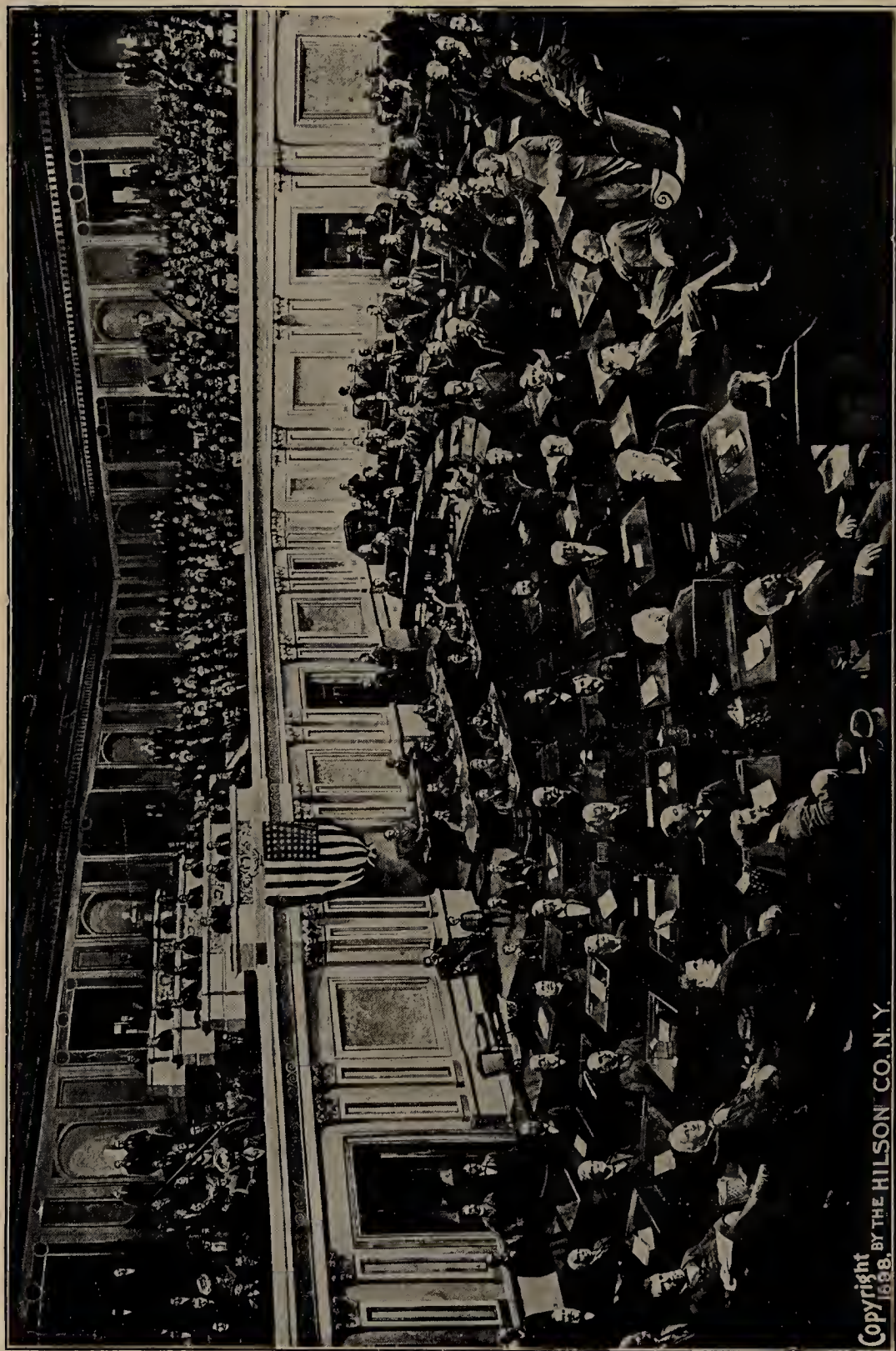


MR. AND MRS. McKINLEY.  
Twenty Years Ago.



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**ELIHU ROOT**  
**SECRETARY OF WAR**

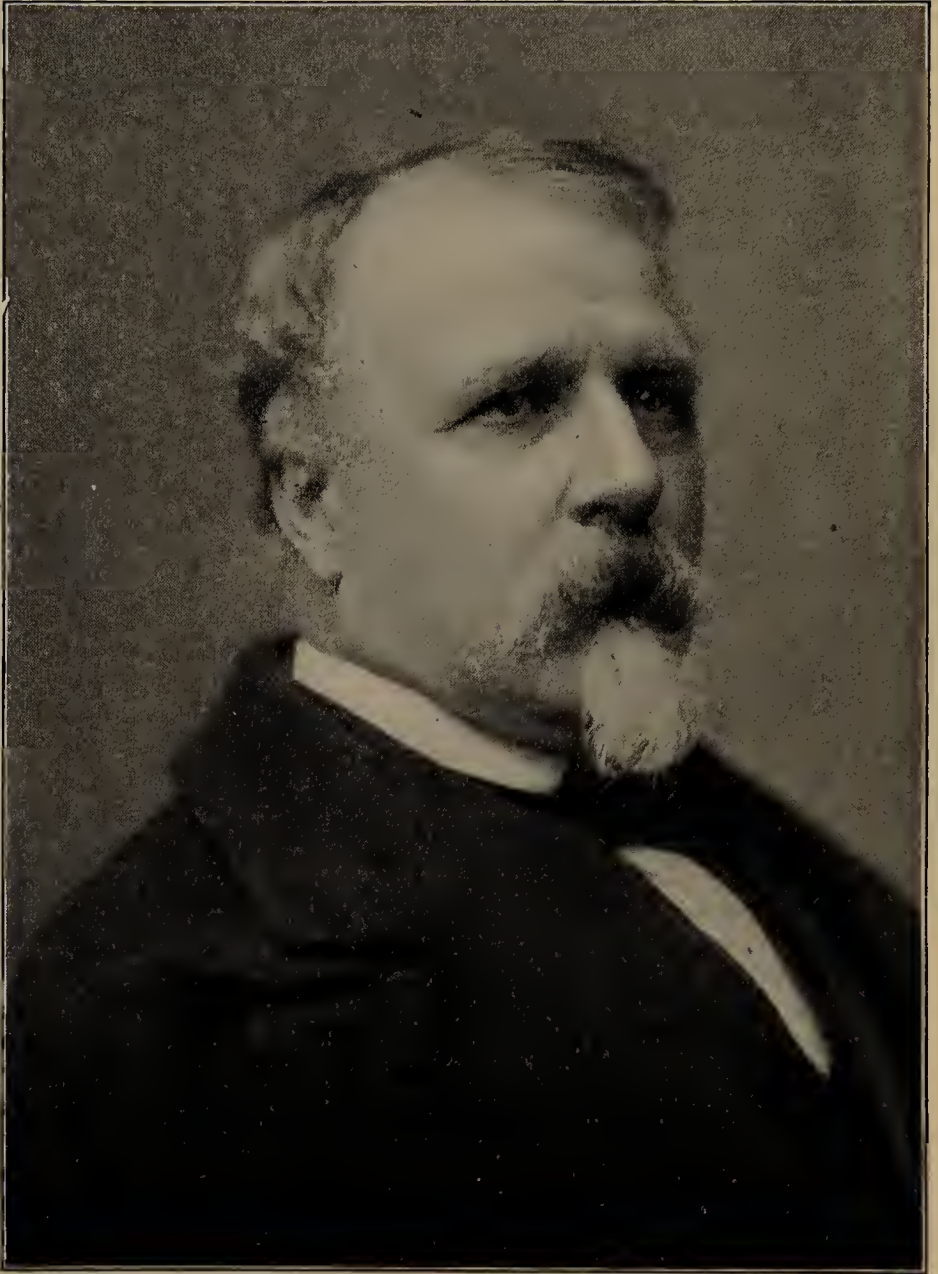


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**THE UNITED STATES SENATE VOTING THE \$50,000,000 SPANISH WAR APPROPRIATION,  
MARCH 9, 1898.**



LEON CZOLGOSZ, WHO SHOT PRESIDENT McKINLEY.



MURAT HALSTEAD.





THE  
ILLUSTRIOUS LIFE  
OF  
**WILLIAM McKINLEY**  
OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT

BY MURAT HALSTEAD

FOR THIRTY YEARS THE PERSONAL FRIEND OF THE PRESIDENT, AUTHOR OF HISTORY  
OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES, STORY OF CUBA, STORY  
OF THE PHILIPPINES, ETC., ETC.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE ASSASSINATION, IN THE SHADOW  
OF DEATH, PASSING AWAY, FUNERAL CEREMONIES & &  
TOGETHER WITH HIS ANCESTRY, BOYHOOD, STUDENT DAYS,  
HIS CAREER AS SOLDIER, LAWYER, STATESMAN, GOVERNOR,  
AND PRESIDENT, THE PRINCIPLES FOR WHICH HE STOOD  
AND THE TRIUMPHS HE ACHIEVED, AND HIS HOME LIFE

ANARCHY, ITS HISTORY, INFLUENCES AND DANGERS, WITH A SKETCH  
OF THE LIFE OF THE ASSASSIN

***SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED***

WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS MADE FROM  
ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

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# INTRODUCTION.



A rapacity for notoriety seems to be the common characteristic of the murderers of our Presidents. They have slaughtered three of the noblest and tenderest and most generous of men, and it is not certain but the consuming passion of all the bloody miscreants was vanity. Among the assassins of our martyred Presidents the one who was in the greater degree insane was Booth. He had no grievance except that of sentiment. He knew nothing of politics, but was for the section in which he was born. He was not a lunatic, but a madman. He was not at any time a combatant. Among the fighting men North and South was found first, when the war ended, the spirit of conciliation and generosity. They felt that the soldiers arrayed against each other were, after all, countrymen, and their destiny was to live together in their Father's house, that as the war was over, all the soldiers who had been in it should get together as "comrades." There was no rancor in personalities among the heroes of the contending armies. The splendid chapter of history made at "Appomattox" illustrates this, and the heroes who surrendered so honorably were twice vanquished, first by arms and then by kindness. The words current in the States of the fallen Confederacy were that "the South lost her best friend when Lincoln was killed," and will remain the true, settled feeling of those who saw too late the tenderness of the heart of the President and the wisdom of his good will "with malice toward none, charity for all." The first martyred President was the victim of a vengeful folly and fury without understanding, and the loss to the whole country of the life put out in a frenzy was incalculable and everlasting. The wound is not healed and the scar can not be effaced.

The murderer of President Garfield was a most ignoble creature, who distinctly belonged to the criminal class. The man was a strange mixture of vindictive vanity and vicious incapacity. He was of the most insignificant class of office seekers, especially persistent as well as ludicrous until he became a horror. His anxiety to be rewarded for

services that were a part of his infuriate malady grew upon him. His despondency became malicious. He was a hissing serpent in the weeds. His idea of the public service and politician was embodied in the theory, after he had murdered the President, that he could depend upon others who were disappointed in the distribution of offices to sustain him in his policy of "removal."

There were those who antagonized Garfield in respect to the distribution of patronage (indeed, far the greater number of the faultfinders,) who had nothing in common with the assassin, but a powerful impression that they were called upon to give command and that disobedience was unfaithfulness. The life of President Garfield, before he was shot in the back, to linger from July to September, was troubled by assaults contemptible in origin and purpose. They were meant to annoy and threaten. A campaign of viciousness was opened. There were shots as from an ambush spitting from newspapers, because the President did not admit that his high office was held by a personal servant. After he had exerted himself to make peace subject to the maintenance of his dignity, he was aroused to assert himself without regard to antagonisms. The deluded assassin, through his trial, sought to appear as one who could claim as friends the critics of Garfield. He assumed they had been with him in feeling; that they sympathized with his selfishness and with the infamous origin of the invented grief that made him a murderer.

Booth strode across the stage after entering Lincoln's box, and attitudinized crying "*Sic semper tyrannis.*" There was a great army, but no sentinel, policemen or detective to guard Lincoln—it was held impossible that the President should be assassinated. Booth was hunted down and shot in a burning barn. He died deserted and in torture.

Guiteau was displayed as the most deplorable and desperate wretch who, historically striking down a great man, was hanged by the neck with the utmost ignominy. He was the most loathsome reptile that ever ended a noble life, and made the word "removal" a synonym for murder.

President McKinley, the kindest of men, a hero equipped with all the generousities of manliness, whose titles to public respect and high regard were the most excellent of his era—a man who as a boy carried a musket in the ranks of the army of his country, and was fearless as he was gentle, for "the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring"—is the third President assailed by an assassin! One of the foremost men of all this world, winning not alone the applause of our own people, but

from all the enlightened nations—one whose rare, high fortune it was to see the principles of public policy he had advocated as a young member of Congress made the law of the land under his leadership—vindicated by the unparalleled prosperity of the people, was the shining mark of organized murder. His steadfast sagacity, armed with the constitutional authority of the presidency of expanding America, including positions to command the greatest of the oceans of the globe—victorious in a wonderful war which was hastened to an early close by an unbroken succession of the triumphs of arms and of diplomacy—made the peace splendid as it was speedy—the humane war was crowded with conquest and covered with glory, but he incurred the hatefulness of the petty and the morose.

This man, re-elected President of the United States honorably, with great majorities in the electoral college and the votes of the people—the event significant of peacefulness and of plenty in the land and the victories of peace not less renowned than those of war beyond the seas—this man who made the workingmen of America conquerors in their own right in the markets of the world—this man of the people, armed with all the graces of candor, confiding in the people as they in him, improved the first chance of leisure in an Administration as strenuous as successful. He crossed the continent from our ocean boundary on the east to the one on the west, going from Washington through the Southern cities to San Francisco, his movement a triumphal procession that will be memorable for the reciprocity of good wishes and the happiness of better acquaintance. This was an obvious and admirable demonstration of peace and prosperity and power in its plenitude. Though half of the programme was omitted because the President's wife became ill, yet the journey was strikingly successful, for the pageantry so simple was yet effective in its simplicity. It was through the heart of the South and touched the shore of the Pacific, the ocean of our archipelagoes in the greatest body of water the earth affords—including as our possessions groups of islands from Siberia to the tropics and the Hawaiian paradise and citadel of the South Sea. Through this thoughtful progress, one of music and waving banners, he was greeted by shouting millions from Old Virginia to the Golden Gate. There was silence and restraint returning, that the President's wife might be wafted to her home in quiet and make him happy by her recovery. This seemed to leave something undone by the President that he had promised the people—and as his

immense labors in good works were so far advanced, the country so brimming with the bounties of the American soil and American skilled labor—the wheatfields golden, the shops rich in orders—even a great strike going on in bitter earnest yet in peace and order, a combat of principle and enlightenment as to the rules and regulations, the lines and precepts of the division of the shares of labor and capital—the President and his wife, away from the affairs of state, rested in their old home in Canton, Ohio, spending there months in a delightful vacation.

This grateful repose was in the very house in which William McKinley, the young attorney, and his bride lived in the days of their youth, and there in the summer time they lived over the days of long ago. There Mrs. McKinley almost realized the fondest dream of her latest years, as she often expressed it to those near and dear to her—that of her husband living in their own precious home for her—the cares of great office put aside; she tenderly would have them put far away forever. She wanted the time to come when her husband should belong to her, and not to the world. The dream had been of the time when the President, the Governor of Ohio, the Congressman, should be a private citizen, and she and he be as they were when young and lived in Canton.

She did not imagine her delicate form, her weakness that was so strong in love, could outlast or leave the strong man, ever so loyally, so helpfully by her side. The house in Canton was doubly dear because, as the President took pleasure in saying, it was a present from his wife's father and that endeared it to them. Not only was there for them no place like home, but no home like that. It was from this charmed spot that at what seemed a call of duty they made the journey to Buffalo, which was to prove so memorable and so sorrowful.

It is said that Abraham Lincoln on the night the assassin killed him, chatted with his wife in the box at the theater where they sat together hardly conscious of the passing play, and discussed plans, for the country was to have peace, and they were interested with each other for they had not been able to think of their own future. The promise of peace to them was especially blessed, and the talk of Lincoln then and there was of going to Jerusalem. It is pathetic, that this seems to have been the last thought in the long burdened brain before the murderer's pistol was fired; his head fell on his bosom and there was for him "Jerusalem, the Golden."

On the next to the last night that Garfield spent in the White House

before the murderer fired into his back and he was tortured to his death, he was asked by a friend how he was in health, for he had not been well for some weeks and there were considerable anxieties in that respect about him. He answered cheerfully, with that grand boyish sense of enjoyment that distinguished him in a pleasing mood, that he was much better, indeed quite well. He had been ill, he said, and the unpleasant controversy that had clung to him, was fatiguing, and he was weary, when suddenly came Mrs. Garfield's illness, and his mind, instead of being engaged with his own affairs that were difficult enough to command consideration, was absorbed with his wife's illness, that was grave enough to give cause for deep concern, and in doing so forgot himself. He said that he ceased to think of the back of his head or the top of it or the action of the heart and the worries over the ceaseless clamors about the appointments; all this was ended, like a storm blown over, and when Mrs. Garfield grew better and could go to the seaside to await his leisure for a trip to New England he found that he was quite well, and said that when ill it was the best medicine to be called away from thinking of one's self.

It will be remembered that on the 2nd of July he was shot in the morning as he was starting to go to Williams College, Western Massachusetts, and the conversation we quote was on the last night of June, and ended a few minutes before midnight.

At that time President Garfield was buoyant and invited a friend to go with him to his old college scenes. He said, "Come, go; it is the sweetest place in the world."

When the fatal shot was fired he was on the way to take the special train prepared for him and his Cabinet and was to meet his wife in her charm of convalescence at Elberon and go on to dine that night with Cyrus Field at his home on the Hudson; and he was to proceed next day to the College. At that hour Garfield felt himself as never before, truly the President of the United States, and the grandeur of his duty gave him for the first and last time a sense of elation.

He regarded his greater trials as over. He was ready to meet opponents as friends. Having declared independence he was solicitous for conciliation. He felt he had the power to make peace with honor; that he was going to see his old friends at a College Commencement that would be to him one of the most enjoyable reunions of his life. While the ghastly little fiend about to murder him was crouching behind the

door at the depot with bulldog pistol ready, the President was driving with Mr. Blaine from the White House, and they spoke of the freshness of the morning air.

The third of our Presidents ambushed for martyrdom, went with Mrs. McKinley to face Fate under the gilded dome of the Pan-American Exposition where the drama of assassination had been rehearsed. The couple were drawn from their home retirement to an outing—a festivity; it was part of the entertainment to see the great Pan-American display, that indeed of a Congress of Nations so instructive as a collection of object lessons; and it was part of the superb entertainment planned to hear the ever solemn music of Niagara.

It has been said innumerable times in respect to the vast majority of the people who come to us from Europe that they are not the less American because born abroad, that indeed they are more than welcome to come to our country and find homes and the happiness of laborious and thrifty lives on our expanding lands; that we should not forget that people who come to us express in doing so a preference for the country that is commendable in spirit, while native Americans have no choice about it and should be careful in claiming superior merits for an involuntary situation. It is time to classify the anarchist as an outsider, an invader. He is a man who has no country and redhanded against all men not of the school of murder.

He feeds on false and foolish phrases, and though he may be born on this soil he is not an American. In the case of the assailant of President McKinley, he is the product of the worst of foreignism, though he was born in one of the cities on the Lakes; he comes of the despotism of Russia and the oppression of Poland and is as alien in his nature as in his nomenclature. It is worth thinking about as a dispensation that no American can pronounce his infamous name.

The hostile spirit that this damnable assassin displayed against the one he called the "Great Ruler," as if it were a burning wrong to perform great functions, and a wrong demanding punishment of death to be inflicted by stealth. This litany of the Devil was taught by the wicked demagoguery that is formidable in this country and seeks to classify people and incite classes to hostilities—that preaches anew the ancient impracticabilities of a so-called Socialism that is tenacious because it feeds on ignorance and the rankling poisons that envenom reptiles. The latest Presidential assassin should not be allowed to pose as a hero, or come

in contact with those of his kind that they may be sympathetic and hatch more snakes' eggs. He is a murderer by profession and confession. He should be treated with humanity but with severity, and the more absolute solitude he has the better, with the exception of the sentinel's guard who sees that he does not console himself with self-destruction. It may be well to detain him a while for the use that may be made of him as an example.

When the circumstances surrounding the Buffalo horror are calmly considered, it is obvious that the baffled assassin had accomplices; that his character and intentions were well known to a large circle. He was in funds to travel comfortably, to make the journey from Chicago to Buffalo, to put up at a hotel and to go to the lurking places of his fellow-serpents where they coil in infernal communion, but unhappily do not sting each other to death. He followed the President day after day, ready and resolved to slay. It is a part of the sworn obligation and faith and criminal pride of this wretch who fully accepts the anarchial doctrine that he shall say and adhere to the old, familiar, easily told, formal, prescribed story that he had no accomplices. His life contradicts it. He surely had accomplices and sympathizers and presently they will be wanting to make public expressions of their fellowship with the murderer of the President.

He had a choice in taking upon him what his accomplices call obligations, to deny that he had helpers or to affect insanity. It is the rule of his order that one thing or the other is to be done in case a great ruler is the victim, and the vanity of this mad adder prevailed with him to seek to grasp the entire responsibility. It is the duty of the people to see that justice is done ironhanded for the protection of Law, Liberty and Life.

The idea of government which prevailed for thousands of years was that the power of the State should be concentrated in the hands of the few and that as to locality it should be centralized. The most enlightened empires did not differ much in this respect from savage tribes. Babylon, Palmyra, Carthage, Rome, were cities that absorbed nations, wielded power from a few palaces; and when the capital city fell the government was disestablished. Constantinople became the rival of Rome in the decline of the Empire; and then there were two Empires to fall

It was the policy of the fathers of the American Republic to conserve the several colonies as States and remove the seat of Government from

immediate metropolitan influences. Washington City in the District of Columbia was a Southern idea—it was indeed Virginian. President Washington's first inauguration was in New York City, his second in Philadelphia, which was the seat of the general government when the Father of his Country died. The Potomac was the River of Washington. He was born and died near its waters and knew it from its mountain sources to the tidal bay through which it vanished in the sea. Washington's preference largely contributed to the location of the National Capital. The place was a compromise. The location was near the center of population of the United States. It was thought to be not far from the dividing line between the North and the South. It was almost equi-distant from New England and the most Southern group of States. It was believed to be far enough inland to avoid danger from European fleets. The gigantic western growth of the country was not contemplated. The controlling motive for the Southern movement from the Northern cities was that the seat of legislation should not be subjected to molestation by the mobs of cities.

The representatives of the people should retire from the roar of the busy world to frame and command the execution of laws. In Iceland the Parliament of the Icelandic Republic for three hundred years met on the Hill of Laws, a space of a few acres, approachable only in single file by a path between volcanic fissures. The object was that the servants of the people should escape from crowds.

The example of the French of centralization in Paris was necessary to be avoided. Much inconvenience was submitted to with complacency on this account. It has been an element in American pride and confidence that there was no one spot on our widespread soil that if stricken by an enemy would prove to be a fatality to the country. The capture and burning of Washington City was an illustration in point. It has been the vital force of our government that it was based not upon the few but the many—that it was a Dynasty not of one family, but of millions of families and that a Dynasty of millions was indestructible as the union of States was indissoluble and that we were the strongest government in the world or that has ever existed in it, because we have more equal citizens than ever existed in any form of government. That this faith will be signally warranted by the result of the dealing we are bound to make thorough, with a secret and oath bound society of professional conspirators against the general welfare—a society of doctrinal and actual

murderers alternately hiding in their dens and flaunting their banners in the streets—this may be announced without reserve.

It is a necessity of public life that we shall find our system equal to the emergency when our Chief Magistrates are murdered or deliberately fired upon by the sportsmen of Anarchy out of a sense of "duty" and there is sought to be established by the lawless, the reckless and the devilish a reign of terror. We dare not doubt that the American people are equal to the task, for to confess inadequacy would be to admit that there is a fatal flaw in the system we have held as a sure foundation. The declaration of war upon our country by the anarchists must be met by the exercise of the Power that exists in the Constitution and in the People who have the sovereign, inalienable right to guard the Public Safety, even if there should be martial law proclaimed and its sternest decrees summarily executed to destroy the destroyers. This is a plain proposition. Those who praise the dogma of the duty of doing deeds of murder on their impulses according to their sentiments, and the interpretation of Liberty to mean freedom in the use of the bomb, the torch, the knife and the pistol, are lunatics that must be put away that they may not harm themselves or others or they are the sworn and desperate enemies of mankind and the alternative in their treatment is between solitary confinement and the swift and terrible fall of the sword of Justice. The anarchist murderer is the worst of all who shed men's blood without cause. The offense is most deadly and the penalty must be made Capital Punishment and that not hasty, but speedy when the truth is definite and certain.



# ILLUSTRIOUS LIFE

... OF ...

## WILLIAM McKINLEY



### CHAPTER I.

#### OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT—THE ASSASSINATION—McKINLEY SEVEN DAYS IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH, AND PASSED AWAY.

When William McKinley was born at Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio, January 20, 1843, his father was manager of an iron furnace, and the location was in a part of the country that was deeply interested in the iron industry. He got his interest in the protection of American industry at home. One of the many thrilling incidents of his military life was at Kernstown, where his regiment lost 150 men. General Russell Hastings reports the action when the brigade of Col. R. B. Hayes was forced in the direction of Winchester, and "just then," says Hastings, "it was discovered that one of the regiments was still in the orchard where it had been posted at the beginning of the battle. General Hayes, turning to Lieutenant McKinley, directed him to go forward and bring away that regiment, if it had not already fallen. McKinley turned his horse and, keenly spurring it, pushed it at a fierce gallop obliquely toward the advancing enemy.

"A sad look came over Hayes' face as he saw the young, gallant boy pushing rapidly forward to meet almost certain death. . . . None of us expected to see him again, as we watched him push his horse through the open fields, over fences, through ditches, while a well-directed fire from the enemy was poured upon him, with shells exploding around about, and over him.

"Once he was completely enveloped in the smoke of an exploded shell, and we thought he had gone down, but no, he was saved for better work for his country in the future years. Out of this smoke emerged his wiry little brown horse, with McKinley still firmly seated, and as erect as a hussar.

"McKinley gave the Colonel the orders from Hayes to fall back, saying, in addition, 'He supposed you would have gone to the rear without orders.' The Colonel's reply was: 'I was about concluding I would retire without waiting any longer for orders. I am now ready to go wherever you shall lead, but, Lieutenant, I "pointedly" believe I ought to give those fellows a volley or two before I go.' McKinley's reply was: 'Then up and at them as quickly as possible.' And as the regiment arose to its feet the enemy came on into full view. Colonel Brown's boys gave the enemy a crushing volley, following it up with a rattling fire, and then slowly retreated."

There was a great deal of hard fighting in that part of the world and Lieutenant McKinley was in the hot places. President Hayes once said of him, "that when he joined the regiment he was then a boy, and had just passed the age of 17. He had before that taught school, and was coming from an academy to the camp. He with me entered upon a new, strange life—a soldier's life—in the time of actual war. We were in a fortunate regiment—its Colonel was William S. Rosecrans—a graduate of West Point, a brave, a patriotic, and an able man, who afterwards came to command great armies and fight many famous battles. Its Lieutenant Colonel was Stanley Matthews—a scholar and able lawyer, who, after his appointment to the Supreme bench, the whole bar of the United States was soon convinced was of unsurpassed ability and character for that high place.

"In this regiment Major McKinley came, the boy I have described, carrying his musket and his knapsack."

The first election of McKinley to Congress was in 1876, and he was a member through the four years of President Hayes, and Mr. and Mrs. McKinley had a second home then in the white house. He served fourteen years in Congress, and four years as Governor of Ohio.

His life had been one long schooling for the Presidency, first, the sturdy school boy and teacher, then the army, a student of law, Congressman and Governor. He never ceased to grow and never grew so fast as when President, unless indeed it was when he was in the army.



THE NATION MOURNS.



ATTORNEY GENERAL KNOX.



**TIME TO DRAW AND STRIKE.**



**PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND FAMILY.**



**ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.**



**WIFE**

**WILLIAM MCKINLEY**

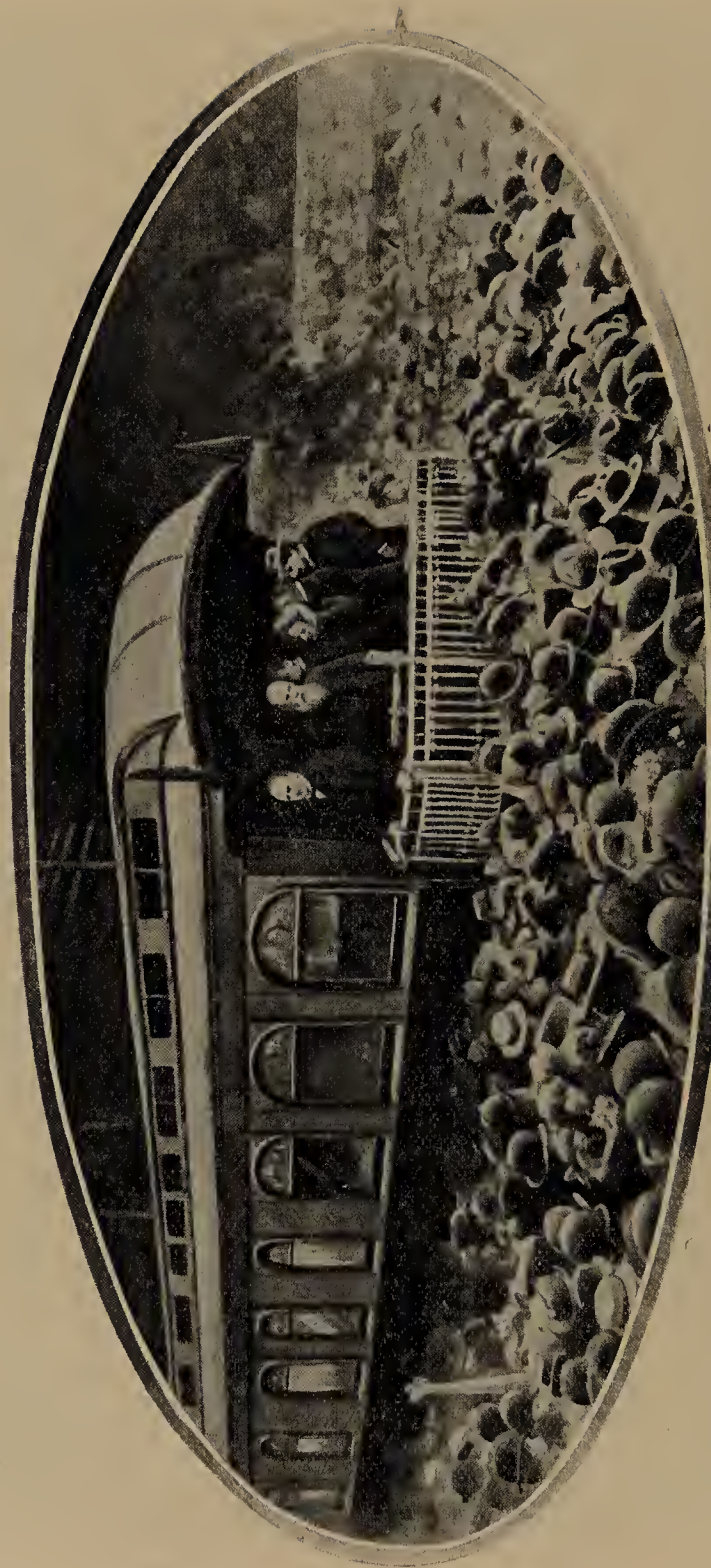
**MOTHER**

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**PRESIDENT McKINLEY AT HOME.**

**The above shows President McK inley in his favorite "rocker" on the porch at his home in Canton, Ohio.**



**PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S TRANSCONTINENTAL TRIP.**

From the platform of the train Mr. McKinley greeted thousands, who, at every station, were waiting to give him welcome.

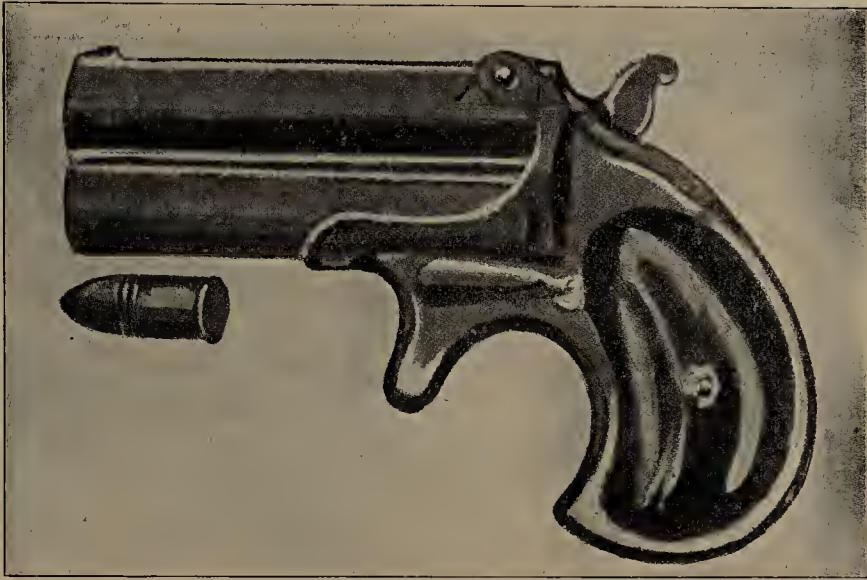


**THE EXECUTIVE MANSION (WHITE HOUSE) AT WASHINGTON.**

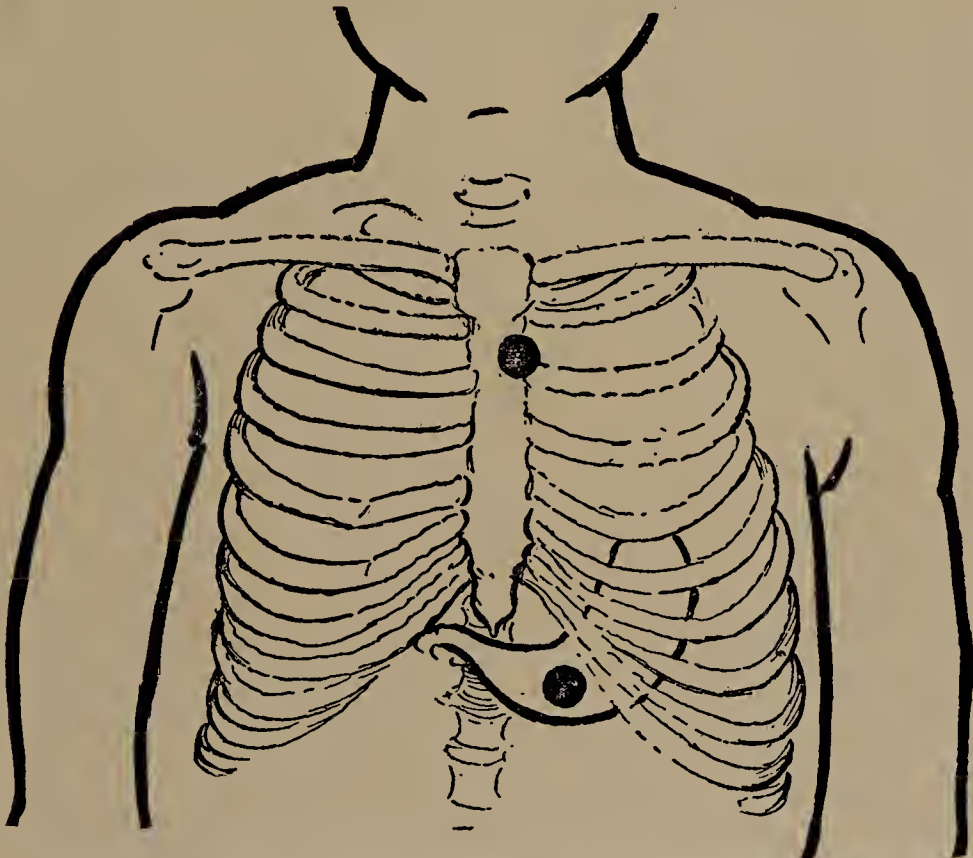


**EMMA GOLDMAN.**

**High priestess of American anarchists, to whom Czolgosz had listened.**



**ASSASSIN CZOLGOSZ' DERRINGER.**  
Actual size of the weapon which carried the poisoned bullets.



**CUT, SHOWING POINTS WHERE THE BULLETS ENTERED BODY**



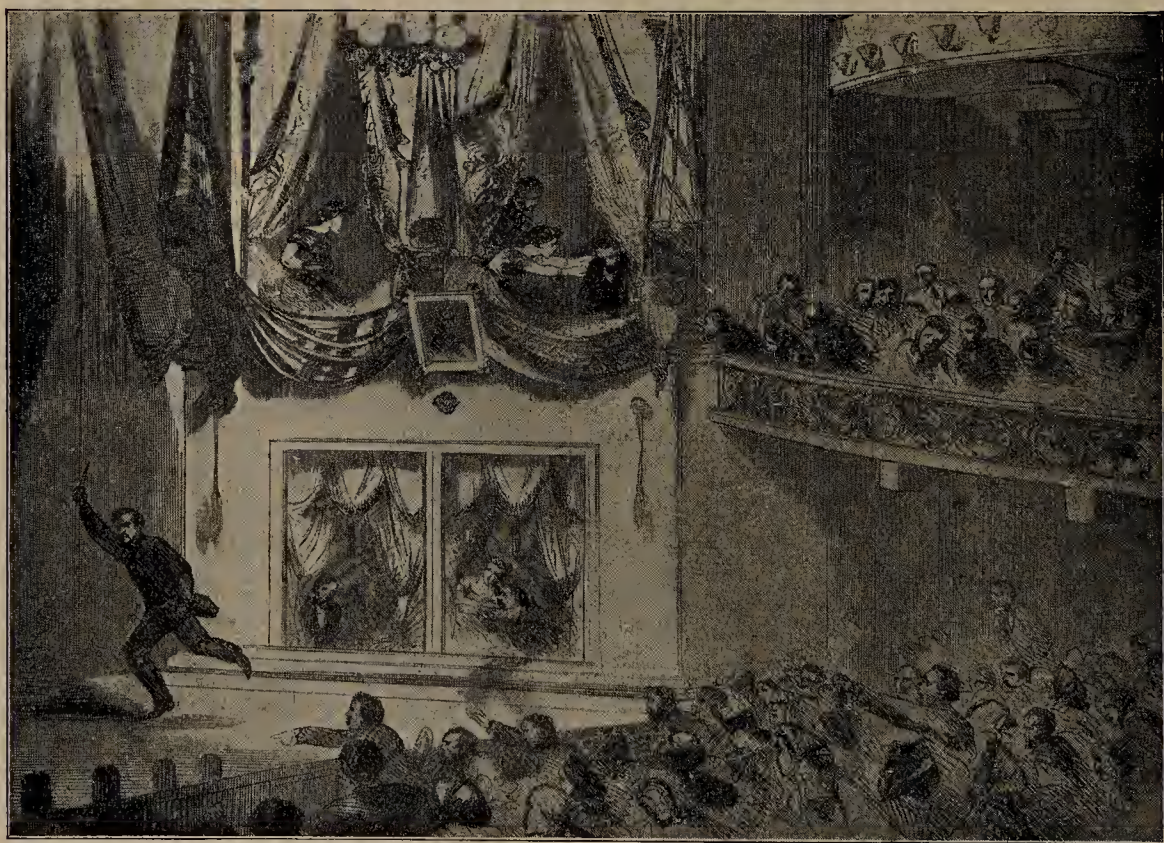
President McKinley's farewell to his wife.



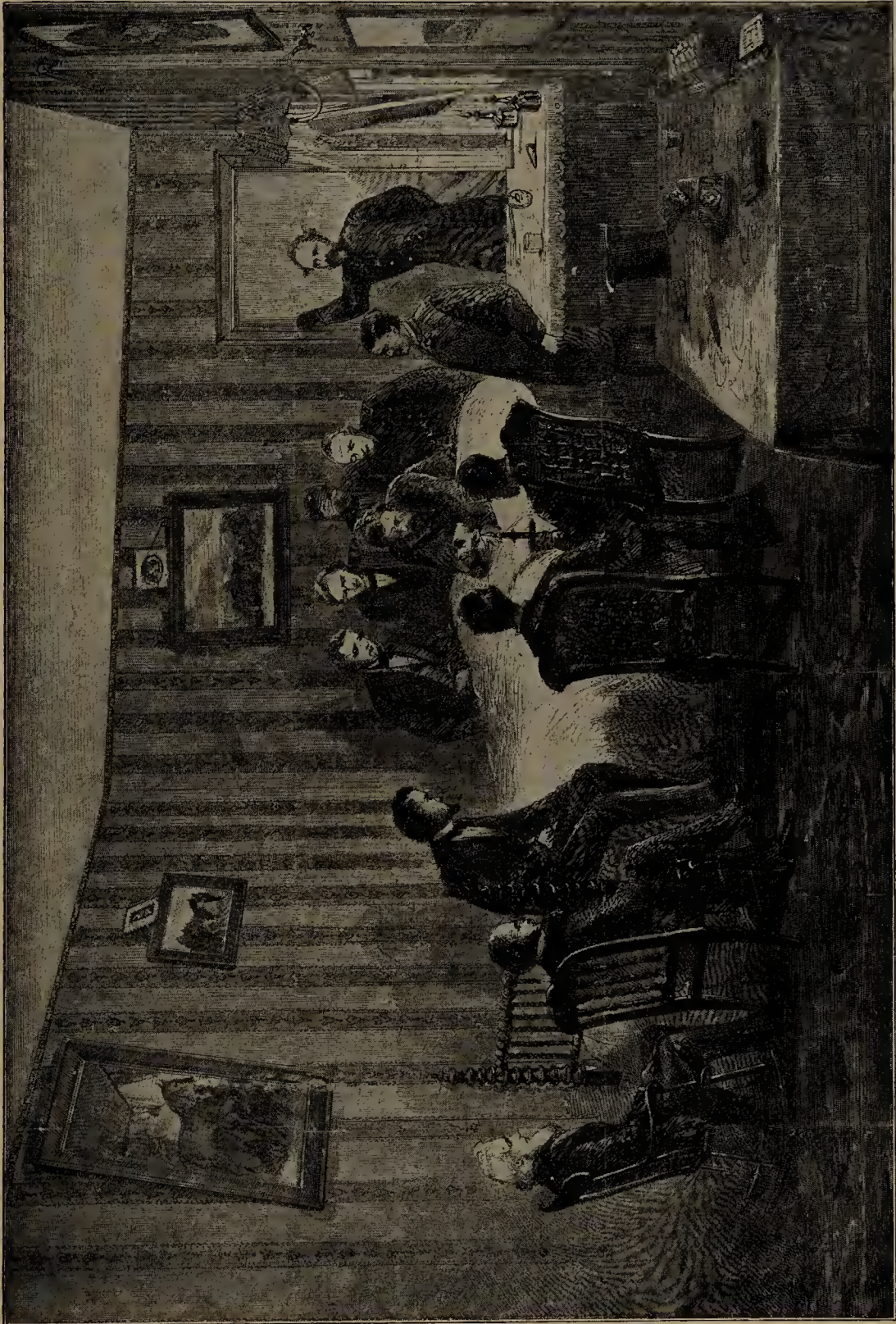
PRESIDENT MCKINLEY REVIEWING PARADE, ON CHICAGO DAY, FROM GRAND STAND, UNION LEAGUE CLUB.



**THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.**  
Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., night of April 14th, 1865.

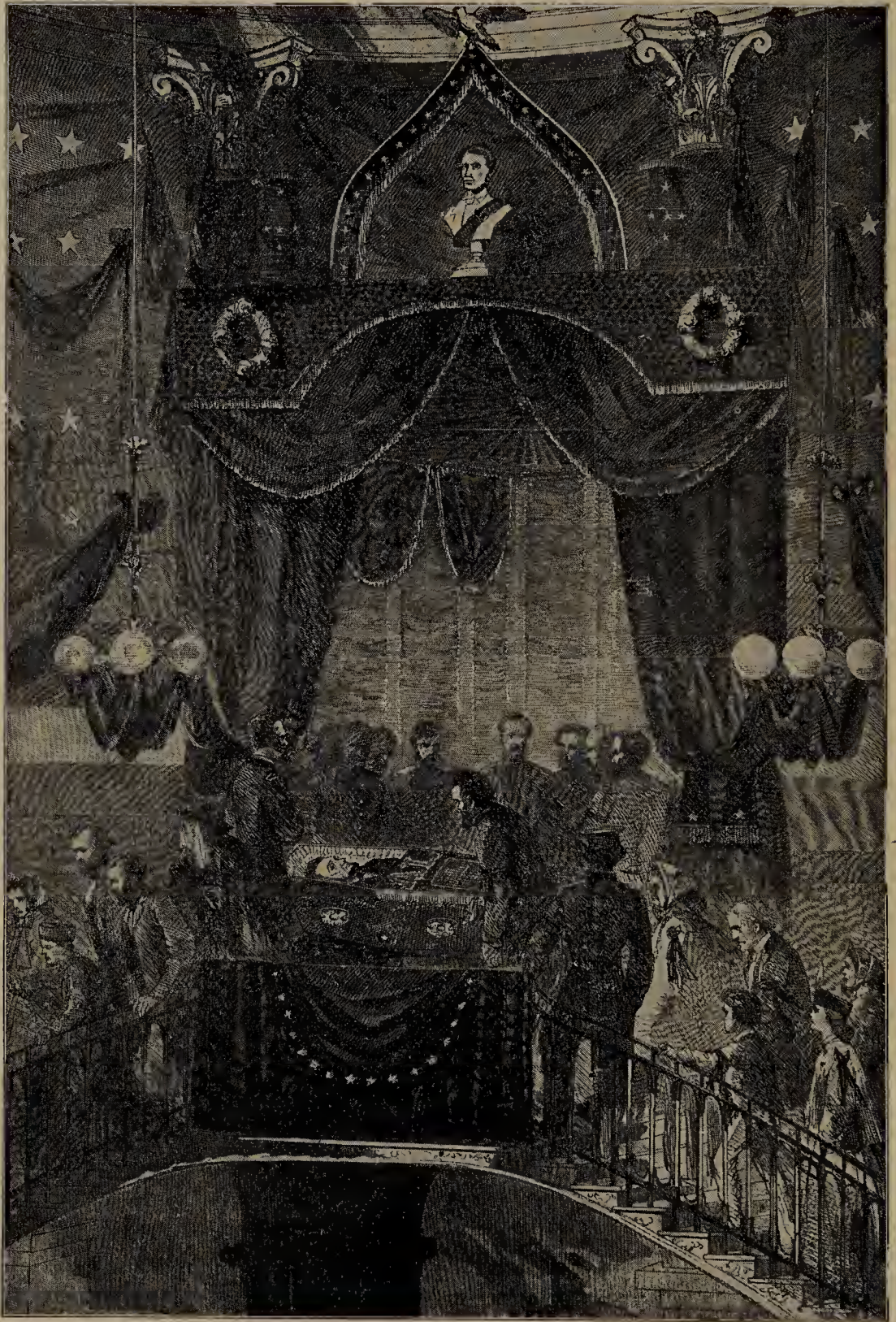


**THE ESCAPE OF THE ASSASSIN AND THE PANIC OF THE AUDIENCE.**



Secretary Welles	Secretary Stanton	Dennison	Charles Sumner	Robert Lincoln	Private Secretary Hay	Gen. Meigs
			Surgeon-General Barnes	Gen. Halleck		

**DEATH-BED SCENE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.**



**VIEWING LINCOLN'S REMAINS.**  
City Hall, New York City.

It was not the personal desire of President McKinley to serve a second term for the Presidency, but he was overruled by public events and a public sentiment that could not be denied. He saw his duty and obeyed but he put a summary end to the gossip about a third term in this conclusive letter:

"I regret that the suggestion of a third term has been made. I doubt whether I am called upon to give it notice. But there are now questions of the gravest importance before the administration and the country and their just consideration should not be prejudiced in the public mind by even the suspicion of the thought of a third term. In view, therefore, of the reiteration of the suggestion of it, I will say now, once for all, expressing a long settled conviction, that I not only am not and will not be a candidate for a third term, but would not accept a nomination for it if it were tendered me.

"My only ambition is to serve through my second term to the acceptance of my countrymen, whose generous confidence I so deeply appreciate, and then, with them, to do my duty in the ranks of private citizenship.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

"Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., June 10, 1901."

The interest the President and Mrs. McKinley took in the Pan-American Exposition was very great. Both looked forward to the outing with cheerful anticipation and proposed thoroughly to enjoy the trip, and they were received with extraordinary enthusiasm by enormous masses of persons; and here the anarchists had arranged their ambuscade in a human wilderness.

Leon Czolgosz, the assassin, was a finished output of the harangues of Emma Goldman, of whom this is the best character sketch:

"Suppose the President is dead," said Emma Goldman, "thousands die daily and are unwept. Why should any fuss be made about this man?"

These were the words of the queen of anarchy when the flag on Custom Building fluttered down to half-mast, announcing prematurely the death of President McKinley.

She was sitting in the "parlor" of the police station annex with Patrolman John Weber, assigned to guard her, and Chief Matron Keegan. The latter glanced out of the window by chance just as the flag on the Appraiser's Building at Sherman and Harrison streets was lowered.

"The flag has been lowered! The President must be dead!" said Mrs. Keegan, rising. The woman across from her sat unmoved.

"The President is dead! President McKinley is dead," the matron repeated to Miss Goldman, half angered at the woman's coldness.

"Well, I do not care," came the answer. "There are thousands of men dying every day. No fuss is made about them. Why should any fuss be made about this man?"

"Haven't you any heart?" asked the matron. "Any sorrow for this man who was so widely beloved?"

"I tell you I don't care."

"But as a woman you should at least show some feeling for the wife for whom he has always cared so tenderly."

"There are thousands of men dying every day," repeated Miss Goldman. "I do feel sorry for Mrs. McKinley. But there are other wives who receive no comfort."

This closed the incident.

"That woman had a smile of triumph on her face," said Mrs. Keegan, "the moment I told her. Her face lighted up on the instant." Still this woman is a professor of opposition to violence.

The assassin made a close study of the Exposition grounds, and pursued his purpose to kill the President relentlessly. He was close at hand when the President made his speech. He saw the President arrive and mount to the stand. He stood there in the front row of the hurrahing people, mute, with a single thought in his mind.

He heard Mr. McKinley speak. He reckoned up the chances in his mind of stealing closer and shooting down the President where he stood. Once he fully determined to make the attempt, but just then a stalwart guard appeared in front of him. He concluded to wait a better opportunity. After the address he was among those who attempted to crowd up to the President's carriage. One of the detectives caught him by the shoulder and shoved him back into the crowd.

He saw the President drive away and followed. He tried to pass through the entrance after the President, but the guards halted him and sent him away. He entered the stadium by another entrance, but was not permitted to get within reach of the President.

On Friday morning, Czolgosz waited for the President's return. In the afternoon he went to the Temple of Music and was one of the first

of the throng to enter. He crowded well forward, as close to the stage as possible. He was there when the President entered through the side door. He was one of the first to hurry forward when the President took his position and prepared to shake hands with the people.

Czolgosz had his revolver gripped in his right hand, and about both the hand and the revolver was wrapped a handkerchief. He held the weapon to his breast, so that any one who noticed him might suppose that the hand was injured.

He reached the President finally. He did not look into the President's face. He extended his left hand, pressed the revolver against the President's breast with his right hand, and fired. He fired twice, and would have fired again and again but for the terrific blow that drove him back.

"Did you mean to kill the President?" asked the District Attorney.

"I did," was the reply.

"What was the motive that induced you to commit this crime?"

"I am a disciple of Emma Goldman," he replied.

The most realistic account of the shooting of the President is this:

A little girl was led up by her father and the President shook hands with her. As she passed along to the right the President looked after her smilingly and waved his hand in a pleasant adieu.

Next in line came a boyish-featured man about 26 years old, preceded by a short Italian, who leaned backward against the bandaged hand of his follower. The officers who attended the President noted this man, their attention being first attracted by the Italian, whose dark, shaggy brows and black mustache caused the professional protectors to regard him with suspicion.

The man with the bandaged hand and innocent face received no attention from the detective beyond the mental observation that his right hand was apparently injured, and that he would present his left hand to the President.

The Italian stood before the palm bower. He held the President's hand so long that the officers stepped forward to break the clasp and make room for the man with the bandaged hand, who extended the left member toward the President's right.

The President smiled and presented his right hand in a position to meet the left of the approaching man. Hardly a foot of space intervened between the bodies of the two men. Before their hands met two

pistol shots were fired, and the President turned slightly to the left and reeled.

The tall, innocent-looking young man had fired through the bandage without removing any portion of the handkerchief.

The first bullet entered too high for the purpose of the assassin, who had fired again as soon as his finger could move the trigger.

On receiving the first shot President McKinley lifted himself on his toes with something of a gasp. His movement caused the second shot to enter just below the navel. With the second shot the President doubled slightly forward and then sank back. Detective Geary caught the President in his arms and President Milburn helped to support him.

When the President fell into the arms of Detective Geary he coolly asked: "Am I shot?"

Geary unbuttoned the President's vest, and, seeing blood, replied: "I fear you are, Mr. President."

It had all happened in an instant. Almost before the noise of the second shot sounded Czolgosz was seized by S. R. Ireland, United States secret service man, who stood directly opposite the President. Ireland hurled him to the floor, and as he fell a negro waiter, James B. Parker, who once worked in Chicago, leaped upon him. Soldiers of the United States artillery detailed at the reception sprang upon them and he was surrounded by a squad of exposition police and secret service detectives. Detective Gallagher of Chicago seized Czolgosz's hand, tore away the handkerchief, and took the revolver.

The artillerymen, seeing the revolver in Gallagher's hand, rushed at him and handled him rather roughly. Meanwhile Ireland and the negro held the assassin, endeavoring to shield him from the attacks of the infuriated artillerymen and the blows of the policemen's clubs.

Supported by Detective Geary and President Milburn, and surrounded by Secretary George B. Cortelyou and half a dozen exposition officials, the President was assisted to a chair. His face was white, but he made no outcry.

He had been under fire before—in his youth when he was fighting for his country. He was brave as a young man and he had lost none of his courage.

The President sank back with one hand holding his abdomen, the other fumbling at his breast. His eyes were open and he was clearly conscious of all that had transpired. He was suffering the most intense

## CHAPTER II.

### ANARCHY—ITS HISTORY, INFLUENCES AND DANGERS— LEON CZOLGOSZ, THE ASSASSIN OF THE PRESIDENT— THE CREED OF ASSASSINATION—HOW THE ANAR- CHISTS SELECT AND SLAY VICTIMS WITH FEROCITY.

First of all it is to be said the anarchist faction in this country has no warrant in the form or administration of our Government. The effort to incite hostility culminating in assassination against those responsible through office for public affairs is a most lamentable perversity.

Three Presidents of the United States have perished by violence, but McKinley is the first killed according to the decrees of the anarchical order. Lincoln fell by the hand of a theatrical egotist. Garfield's slayer was a disappointed office seeker. Leon Czolgosz, who assassinated McKinley, is of the rankest type of anarchy. He represents the history, influence and danger of the anarchical organization and his crime is according to his doctrines, and the culmination of the teaching of false and fatal dogmas.

President McKinley has been thoughtlessly blamed for exposing himself to hidden dangers. Of course, he did not avoid the people, but enjoyed being in touch with them. Monarchs who command immense armies, and can and do often hedge themselves with bayonets, do not escape the assassins. Alexander, the emancipator of Russian serfs, had his legs blown off with a bomb because he was brave and benevolent. The ruler of the greatest Empire and the Chief Executive of the greatest Republic, the emancipator of American slaves, were the shining marks for the anarchist and were slaughtered. The graceful Empress of Austria was stabbed to death when walking in Switzerland, for no better reason than that she was the wife of an Emperor who has been the most beloved and competent of the European monarchs for half a century. A President of France was stabbed to death in his carriage because he was a gentleman representing the best tradition of his country, and was seriously a patriot. Edward VII. of England was before his accession shot at in the railroad station at Brussels, and saved by the

nervousness of the attempted assassin. The Emperor William I. of Germany was fired upon as he was riding in a carriage along the principal street in Berlin, and showered with pellets of lead, suffering severely from wounds, saved from fatal mutilation by holding his left hand in the position of military salute, so that the hand saved the features. William II. was assailed by a man conveniently disposed of as insane, who hurled a fragment of iron with such aim as to bruise the Emperor's face. This monarch was not the man to take this insolence as a simple case of insanity, but referred to it as an expression of the existence of desperadoes, and threatened his own Capital in an address to his Guards, with the swift vengeance of the troops if the issue came between Anarchy and Empire. There is no safety in shrinking from the most public places and avoiding the massed people when they are so multitudinous they can not be controlled by any common-places of the preservation of order and mere decorum.

The history of the movements of the assassin of President McKinley before the murder will be studied wherever there is a community of civilized people. It is an element that must be considered that so great are the capacities of the railroad system that the size of audiences has been enormously increased of late years. Where there were thousands a generation ago, there are tens of thousands. The trolleys pour into the great steam roads like rivulets into rivers, and it may happen whenever there are remarkable attractions that there may be collected people in such numbers that they must manage themselves, or they will not be manageable. Everybody has the news nowadays. A cent will buy a paper that tells all that is going on of chief concern. The assassin who took the President's life had been taught by a woman to meditate on the murder of rulers—especially "Great Rulers"—and he saw in a paper that the President was going to Buffalo, and began to stalk him to kill him as if he were some monster, and the pursuit continued for several days. The chance of effective shooting in the midst of the shifting scenes was coolly calculated and rejected by the infernal expert in killing. A hungry, fiendish watch was kept for an eligible opportunity to commit murder and it was found. The assassin stood near while the President was speaking at Buffalo—the last speech then and there—glaring at him, and was afraid of failing to murder the "Great Ruler." Still the man hunt continued, and the tragedy was not only planned but rehearsed in

the President's presence, an accomplice being ahead of the anarchist assassin in the cuc. The murderer was anxious to be picturesque.

There was a bloodhound keenness in keeping on the track of the President, knowing from time to time where he would be at certain hours and minutes—the places where the hunted game would ride and where he would walk—and the ways were examined, close calculations made. The multitudes, careless or enthusiastic, swept by like the assassin, desiring to see close at hand the man who had so eminently worked for the people, and the prosperity of the country was the harvest. At last there was the reception under the Gilded Dome, the spot selected by the anarchists to make murder an impressive, educational ceremony, as this monstrous infatuation would have it, and there it was announced the President would shake hands with the people. The President was placed face to face with the assassin, a well dressed person, disguised by his accomplices to be accounted a citizen of respectability. His vanity had been excited, and he had been pampered for what the anarchists regard the reform role of murder. He had been helped to good clothes to do a deed of treachery and savagery, horrible as any traitor's crime in the long annals of stealthy, murderous crime. The assassin was slender of build, an inconsiderable person, not bulky or slow, but alert, urgent, crowding. He knew where the hand-shaking would take place, and he was early in the line as he cared to be, and he was preceded by a dummy to clear the way for bloody murder and the President was in a trap to be slaughtered.

The huntsman had the victim he had followed like a lean wolf. There was one chance for the President to avoid the appointed assassin. There were detectives present—men, educated in suspicion, with trained eyes for criminals, with schooled suspicion, glancing at all comers—and there were others, masters of ceremony. How was it that no one noted the Hidden Hand? If a man had pressed forward with his right hand in his pocket, it would have been the duty of a detective to see that hand or crowd away the man, and detain him if he resisted. If the murderer drawing near had in either hand a parcel, it was the detectives' duty to know what that parcel meant. Parcels in such places are suspected property. There might be hidden in a sheet of paper a bomb to be hurled on the floor with fatal results. It is one of the terrors of the anarchistic murderers that they are usually ready to die if they can take the "Great Ruler" with them, and they will throw the dynamite where their own

legs will be shattered, if the great ruler can be destroyed. This pupil in the school of assassins seems not to have quite reached this point. He had been taught by anarchist lectures, by inflammatory sheets, smeared with foul doctrine, that he had a "duty" to perform, that to commit a murder of a ruler was a matter of heroism, that this country was the greatest of frauds and the worst of despotisms, the most wretched, false and horrible of lies, that he would at one stroke lift himself to immortal fame. He was a man with his hand within the breast of his coat—his right hand. It was a shrewd trick. Some scoundrel is gloating over that as his idea, but it will never work again. That handkerchief was an appeal to sympathy. It was a false pretense of being a crippled person, and there was evidently an easy way for the man with a wounded hand. What a chance that was for the men on the watch, and thought to be able to outwit the criminal class, who have been so highly cultivated in modern lines. The President's Private Secretary was at hand, but not so expressly to be a guard as a helper in communication with the people. He has been of uncommon usefulness. His remembering the right thing at the right time has been remarkable, and the country owes him a great debt for his masterly management after the President was stricken. His information as to surgeons, his intuition as to the correct thing to say and do, the personal aid and comfort he has been to the President—these are things not to be forgotten.

It seems that it might have been the duty of the detective nearest, when he saw a man with a concealed hand, to make inquiry. The art of the scoundrels engaged in the plot was displayed in the conspicuity of the hand that was bandaged, but the accepted explanation was that the man's hand was wounded. It contained a powerful weapon meant for face to face encounters, one sufficient for rapid and conclusive firing. The instrument of death was self-cocking, and, therefore, it was necessary to be coolly attentive to keep the hammer free from the folds of the handkerchief. The President shakes hands in a manly, hearty way, puts out his right hand and his left is on his breast. It is his habit and pleasure to give each person who clasps his hand a look, and often his eyes find those he knows, and all hand shakers are agreeably touched if the President remembers and recalls a pleasant memory with a glance or word. He saw a slender, whitey faced young man he did not recognize, who seemed disabled, possibly some young mechanic who had been nipped in the right hand by machinery! That was the make-up. The

President's kindness was in all his acts, and, extending his right hand, met the left hand of a man who confronted him with fixed eyes. The President felt his hand given to the stranger firmly gripped; and that hurtful impoliteness is not rare. All public men who have withstood receptions know the fellow with "the glad hand," who makes a display of his muscular force. This to the President was a case of that sort, and in an instant there was the crackle of two pistol shots. The President, from whose breast one bullet glanced, received the other eight inches below the left nipple, and the conical missile passed through the stomach. The President felt he was shot, and asked in three words whether it was so and was told the truth, and after an effort to maintain his footing, sank into a chair, asked that the assassin should not be harmed, having the presence of mind to know it was important he should be saved that the truth about him and his associates might be ascertained. Then the President desired that the incident should not be rashly told to his wife in an exaggerated way, and regretted that his presence had been unfortunate for those whose guest he was. This was calm, considerate, most thoughtful and manly, and he continued in this temper to the end.

Czolgosz, the name of the man who shot President McKinley, offers a lingual problem to nine-tenths of those who attempt to pronounce it. It is one of those names which the English alphabet cannot spell phonetically, and which the average English-speaking person stumbles over in trying to express after hearing it spoken by a Russian. Written according to its sound, the name Czolgosz, or its nearest equivalent, is "Tcholl-gosch," or more broadly speaking, "Shollgosch."

The former pronunciation is the one given by Sergeant Ter-Isaian of the Detective bureau, who is a Russian and who is familiar with the varied dialects in Polish Russia, from whence the parents of Leon Czolgosz came to this country.

"Cz" is represented in the Russian alphabet by a character which is pronounced much the same as though one were suppressing a sneeze—"tsch." The next two letters—"ol"—are pronounced in combination as though written "oll," and the remaining letters of the name—"gosz"—may be given the sound of "gosch."

The story of the assassin in brief is that he was born in Detroit, of parents of Polish blood, twenty-six years ago. He received some education in the common schools of that city, but left school and went to work

when a boy as a blacksmith's apprentice. Later he went to work at Cleveland and then went to Chicago.

While in Chicago he became interested in the Socialist movement. When he went back to Cleveland his interest in the movement increased. He read all the Socialist literature he could lay his hands on, and finally began to take part in Socialistic matters. In time he became fairly well known in Chicago, Cleveland and Detroit, not only as a Socialist, but as an Anarchist of the most bitter type.

After returning to Cleveland from Chicago he went to work in the wire mills in Newburg, a suburb of Cleveland. He says he was working there up to the day he started for Buffalo to kill the President, thus contradicting letters written by him from points in New York.

A few weeks ago Czolgosz attended a meeting of Socialists in Cleveland, at which a lecture was given by Emma Goldman, the woman whose anarchistic doctrines have made her notorious all over the country.

The King of Italy was murdered by a man sent for the express purpose by a society of anarchists in Paterson, New Jersey, who have been at pains to make known their identity, and have been reported as celebrating the assassination of the King, the charges against him being fanciful and malignant. The vagabond who slew the King was not treated to dainty food and social distinction, made to believe himself a heroic personage, or even sent to execution, so as to give him a chance to pose as a King Killer. He was not executed at all, but placed in solitary confinement, and the anarchists have not been pleased with his treatment, and have claimed loudly, as though some good man had been ill treated, that he was forced to take his own life to escape the horrors of solitude in a dungeon. In fact, the fate of this murderer does not encourage anarchical aspirations, and there have been threats that all the crowned heads of Europe shall soon be slaughtered because the prison was not made to the slayer of the King of Italy a pleasant and dignified abode. In the place where he died he did not receive applause, not even bouquets. Still, he has had his sympathizers in this country.

It has been suggested that President McKinley had been too much in the habit of answering the calls of the people to shake hands with them and speak to them—to go about in crowds unguarded. It is true that he had not had so much interest in the possibility of being a mark for an assassin, as many have insisted upon having for him. The taking of official precautions for the safety of a man high in office is almost certain to

be distasteful to him, and it is often a question not easily decided what can be done or attempted.

When Abraham Lincoln, owing to the pressure of war business, could not leave Washington in summer-time, he found pleasant quarters in a cottage near the soldiers' home, and the military authorities would have him guarded to and from the White House to the cottage by a squad of cavalry; and it was said of him he thought the ceremony absurd, and laughed about his body-guard. It is now known that there was then a plot to capture him, secrete him in a cellar, and run him to Richmond along a line of contraband and medical supply transportation. President Harrison was opposed to the efforts made to shield him from dangers in the dark, but he persisted in his habit of walking about the city, and going without giving notice, when, where and how he pleased.

The last time President Garfield dined out was with Secretary Hunt, of Louisiana; he drove to the White House between ten and eleven o'clock, with Postmaster-General Thomas L. James, who, returning to the Arlington Hotel, met a friend and asked him whether he had seen the President. The friend answered no—he had been over to the White House to make a call, but the President was out driving. James replied that the President had just returned and would be pleased to have a late call, as he meant to drop public cares to go to the commencement at William's College. Upon this, the call at the Executive Mansion was repeated and the President was most agreeable and exceedingly interesting. As the visitor left, it was nearly the middle of the night, and passing out he saw there on guard a familiar face, and asked the question, "Were you not on watch here in Lincoln's time?" "Yes," was the reply. "Many a night before he went to bed, he would walk over to the War Department to see if anything had come in the way of news from the armies." "And," said the watchman, "I often took pains to walk between the old man and the trees—the same trees you see here now—because I had a fear there might be an ambuscade, and some devil would shoot him. The old man never seemed to think anything about possible murderers being about, but walked right along. Sometimes it was quite dark, and I felt sort of responsible for the old man, and I was glad when I got him back and had the door shut on him."

The caller on President Garfield, who had just seen him for the last time, said to the watchman, as the trees were dark and the walks silent, "I think it would be well for you to keep a sharp lookout now, for there

are queer people about and strange things said—excitements about what the President has done and will or won't do. It would not be a bad idea to watch carefully now."

The reply was simple and sensible—"These are not war times. Nobody would hurt the President now." Three days later the shot of the assassin gave the President a mortal wound. Of course, that which suggested to the visitor to warn the watchman to be vigilant, was the face of the man who had guarded the footsteps of Abraham Lincoln, and the story of the walks at night, under the history haunted trees. It turned out in the testimony in the case of Guiteau, that at that hour the murderer was prowling in the shrubbery in Jackson Square, between the White House and the Arlington House, seeking a chance to shoot the President, having possibly dogged his footsteps and knowing he had gone out.

## CHAPTER III.

### McKINLEY'S EARLY MANHOOD.

HIS STEADY RISE TO LEADERSHIP—HOW HE STUDIED AND GREW STRONG—HIS EARLY TARIFF SPEECHES—THE LAW THAT BEARS HIS NAME—THE OBJECT-LESSON HE GAVE THE COUNTRY IN HIS JOURNEY ACROSS THE CONTINENT—A STORY OF HIM AS A BOY-SOLDIER.

There has been no man of great prominence in our history, against whom the cry of establishing a class of rulers other than our citizens, native and naturalized, and doing something to abridge the liberties of the people at large, was less applicable in reason, than to President McKinley. He always was for the largest extension of manhood suffrage, and for the protection of the ballot and the ballot box—the acceptance of all honest votes and their counting as voted. There never was an utterance of his touching this fundamental theme that was not clear and large in its liberality, and this was a lifelong recognition in the broadest sense of the supreme sovereignty of the people of the United States.

In his boyhood, in the district of manufacturing industries of Ohio, he studied the problem of the protection of American labor as a question that came home to the house of his father, who was a workingman, in the literal use of the word; and one of the first things said of him, as he became known after his war experiences, and was a lawyer, is that he did that unusual thing—made a protectionist speech “interesting.” The famous Thomas Corwin, the great wit and orator of his time, found nothing so difficult as to interest the people of the West about the tariff. The tendency of public speakers on that subject was to employ too many figures, and give them in combinations of intricacy. Young McKinley put the mathematics of the matter on the anvil, red hot, and hammered the metal into implements, making the sparks fly. He was strong-handed, and was deeply grounded and minutely informed. He addressed the men of toil in the fields and shops, and had the excellent and commanding quality of sincerity. No man heard him who did not know that whatever

errors there might be in his sayings, he was speaking his own convictions and was smiting the iron when it was hot, doing it heartily, and in a masterly way putting a fine finish on his work, beginning with blows like those delivered by a blacksmith and touching it up at last with strokes that gave symmetry to the blade he fashioned and added an edge.

As the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, Congressman McKinley's policy became the McKinley law, and in due course the Soldier and Statesman was elected President, and the country, knowing the man and his measure, and measures illustrated in its prosperity accepted the truth of his contentions. No man ever had more magnificent confirmation than he of public policy. The statistics of the growth of the country in the industries, agricultural and mechanical, in the products of our vast, fertile regions North and South, the output of our manufacturing, and the returns of our commerce—this has marvelously revealed our greatness to the world, when American labor had the protection of the national laws.

The theories that were opposed to the principles of McKinley had a remarkably vigorous presentation in the many speeches of the Presidential candidate, under whose leadership the antagonisms were mustered, but there was for McKinley the evidence of things done, the testimony of events; and when his second election as President took place, and it was certified that there was not to be a change in American policy, then, there came to pass a movement in Europe—the central point of the development of agitation being in Vienna—looking to a confederacy of Empires, to institute protection for the European peoples against the conquering progress of North America in the manifestation of superior resources under enlightened administration of wholesome protective laws, made by the people for the people. The journey of the President of the United States across the continent was an object-lesson to the powers of Europe, that the foundations of American prosperity grew firm as broad, that the American people had emerged from the hands of those who would belittle their greatness. The Government was going on, without a jar, while the President was at his home in Ohio. The President gave his presence to the Pan-American Exposition, in part because it was Pan-American, and offered the occasion to celebrate the progress of that which the Filipinos call the Great North American Republic.

At this point of our historical advancement, expansion, elevation,

opulence, progress—the anarchist appeared with his pistol, and fired his significant, sinister, murderous shot.

The age of William McKinley when he enlisted as a soldier of the United States was seventeen years. Once, in the first term of his Presidency, he corrected a statement by a lady that he and Senator Foraker were of the same age when they entered the army as enlisted men. The President said that at the date of beginning military service the Senator was a year his junior; and a parallel of interest could be drawn as to their promotion and occupation, when they returned to civil life.

Their intelligence, business capacity and soldierly enterprise, bravery and solicitude for chances of daring and energy in improving them showed that they did very well, considering they were not pressed into high places by personal influences vigilant to call attention to their merits. They were not of the same army, Foraker being identified with the Western and McKinley with the Eastern lines of operation. They were high-spirited young men, and gained early the consideration of capable officers. McKinley was a private in the regiment commanded by Colonel, afterwards President, R. B. Hayes, and an early episode in his career would indicate that of a disposition to assert his rights as a boy carrying a gun, to have a good gun issued to him. An American soldier generally knows something about a gun, and objects seriously to handling a weapon inferior to that in possession of the enemy. This was observable at the opening of the Spanish war, when the Spanish had Mausers and smokeless powder, while some of the United States troops had Springfield rifles, asserted by the dissatisfied to be antiquated. This, it is to be remembered, was a state of things conspicuous in front of Santiago.

It was one day in an Ohio camp of instruction, before McKinley's regiment was ready for the field, that the boys were aroused and full of wrath because they had served to them guns of inferior quality. There was no disorder, but there were manifestations of dissatisfaction that caused protests to be made hardly in strict accord with military discipline, and McKinley was one of the boys who stood up for a better gun. He had very little to say, but was in the front line, when Colonel Hayes came to the rescue, and made a brief speech that was not forgotten for a long time. The Colonel admitted that the guns were not fit to be given to the regiment, but were the best, indeed the only, guns that could be found for them. He called attention to the fact that in the Army of the Revolution the arms were often not suitable to be taken

## CHAPTER X.

### THE STORY OF THE GLORY OF McKINLEY'S FIRST ADMINISTRATION—HOW HE BORE THE HEAT AND BURDEN OF THE WAR, AS WELL AS INSPIRED THE CONFIDENCE OF THE COUNTRY AND PREPARED THE BOON OF ITS PROSPERITY.

With the exception of Washington and Lincoln, no President of the United States found at the beginning of his administration greater responsibilities pressing upon him than the President whose re-election in the campaign of 1900 will be held one of the remarkable events of the nineteenth century, to be held in perpetual remembrance as one of the landmarks of distinction at its close, and now that the crowning of his career is his martyrdom because he has kept his oath of office, fought the good fight and been faithful in all things to the end and left his country in a condition of prosperity and with a prestige of power beyond all precedent, his glorious and immortal work shines forth in full splendor and his figure is with fame and glory ranked with the immortals.

Washington, as the first President, had to find his way in a new world, and the precedents his acts fixed, many of which now seem very simple, almost matters of course, were to him subjects of serious deliberation and anxious study. Even in affairs of ceremony there was solicitude. There was dignity to be asserted and the forms of Republican government to be maintained. The imposing personal presence of Washington stood good for individual distinction becoming the great office. There was also the habit in the first President of military command, the bearing of the soldier, and there was, above all, aversion to the imitation of, or concession to, the pompous proceedings in which royalties find the disguise that conceals the insignificance of the shows, that are to place the "rulers," as the word goes, upon the stage, as showmen of a superior sort. The genius of Alexander Hamilton, in taste as well as his understanding of that which was becoming to give strength to Republican simplicity, was a guidance Washington often summoned to his aid.

Abraham Lincoln was in danger, when elected and about to be inaugurated President of the United States, of assassination on the way to the National Capital, and the tragedy that came at last would have happened at first if it had not been for most intelligent and thorough precautions backed by "the faith and honor of the Army of the United States," under command of the faithful and honorable General-in-Chief, Winfield Scott, who had pledged that faith and honor to the preservation of the City of Mexico in the words we have quoted, in the articles of capitulation of that city. The very words are in the terms of the surrender of the city of Manila by the Spaniards to Admiral Dewey and General Wesley Merritt.

When William McKinley became President of the United States he called Congress in extra session and restored the protective principle to tariff legislation. There was screaming by the voices that vociferate at this that was the equivalent of shouting murder and mad dogs, but prosperity came right on. A golden flood revived the fruitfulness of the land.

More than once in the course of his lofty career as President, the martyred McKinley was weary under the incessant strain, his anxieties and labors, his keen sense of responsibility and his unflagging disposition to be perfectly informed, but his enthusiasm for duty, and his enjoyment of work, and abiding sense of fidelity in accomplishing the tasks his public obligation imposed, cheered, revived and restored him, so that he emerged from the herculean labors of four years firm and elastic in health, and each day that brought its burden of exacting service had its compensation in the reward of strength. His reception during the campaign of 1896 of tens of thousands of his fellow citizens day after day at his home, his consultations with the managers of his supporters, severely tested his endurance, and when elected to the great office there were a thousand things to think of—the construction of the Cabinet one of them—and the rush of office seekers set in with the accustomed zeal and devotion. Instead of getting along easily while it was possible to do so, without the presence of Congress, there was no time lost in proclaiming the extra session. Then came the war. The President was called from his abode at midnight to hear of the massacre of the men of the *Maine* in Havana Harbor.

The energy of the President throughout the Spanish war was constant, and the extent and diversity of his occupation were something

gigantic. He was not only nominally but literally the commander of the Army and Navy. Telegrams by the thousand from the fleets and the armies engaged have all been filed—the most intimate and intricate and veracious records of passing history since written, and are accessible in the appropriate departments, testifying the pervading presence of the President. The State Department was largely in affairs of the greatest moment, and of the most intricate complications under his direction. He had the inspiration to summon Judge Day, one of his oldest personal friends, to apply to the State situation, that abounded in delicacies and difficulties, that quality which the President described as the peculiar possession of the Judge—his “genius for good sense.” There is nothing in the work of the State Department in the hands of Judge Day that contradicts this estimation of his capacity. The President was, in a marked degree, personally engaged in the three departments that were superheated by the war, and his hand was nigh and firm in each. It was the policy of McKinley, when Governor of Ohio, to see that when troops were called for to maintain order, men enough should be sent to dominate the area of disturbance, so as to leave no doubt that the strong arm of the law was strong indeed. He would order up regiments that there might be no mistake, when one timid about taking such responsibilities would have insisted that companies were sufficient, and the accustomed result was that disorder was ended by the moral force of arms. This was the way to keep or to restore peace. The same principle governed the President during his direction of the national forces in war times. He called out numbers abundant for the needs of the country. The first thing necessary was to settle the question of superiority between the combatants on the seas. The critical question of the conduct of the war arose when Cervera ran the Spanish fleet under his command into the harbor of Santiago. That act made that harbor and city and surrounding country the seat of war. The question to be decided was whether the fight should be risked and rushed with the Regulars who could be gathered there, and the few Volunteers ready to go with them, or deferred until a great Volunteer army should be mustered and equipped, and Havana attacked by land and sea. The latter was the purely military idea, but it meant delay, indefinite but certainly enormous expenditures, the waste of many lives by fever that must be saved if the Spanish forces could be attacked at once, and the decision of the course of the war made before the mass of citizens of the

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE SECOND NOMINATION OF THE THIRD MARTYR PRESIDENT FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

In the Republican National Convention of 1900, when the roll of States was called for the nomination of candidates for President, Alabama yielded to Ohio, and Senator Foraker took the platform, thanked Alabama, said that which he had been called to do had been done—the temporary and permanent Presidents of the Convention had nominated McKinley, and so had the reader of the platform—he was the universal nominee—as for speaking for the President, the President had spoken for himself to the world in events, and four years ago the American people confided to him their highest and most sacred trust. “Behold with what results! He found the industries of this country paralyzed and prostrated; he quickened them with a new life that has brought to the American people a prosperity unprecedented in all their history. He found the labor of this country everywhere idle; he has given it everywhere employment. He found it everywhere in despair; he has made it everywhere prosperous and buoyant with hope. He found the mills and shops and factories and mines everywhere closed; they are now everywhere open.

“And while we here deliberate, they are sending their surplus products in commercial conquest to the very ends of the earth. Under his wise guidance our financial standard has been firmly planted high above and beyond assault. With a diplomacy never excelled and rarely equalled, he has overcome what at times seemed to be insurmountable difficulties and has not only opened to us the door of China but he has advanced our interests in every land.

“We are not surprised by this, for we anticipated it all. When we nominated him at St. Louis four years ago, we knew he was wise, we knew he was brave, we knew he was patient, we knew he would be faithful and devoted, and we knew that the greatest possible triumphs of peace would be his; but we then little knew that he would be called upon to encounter also the trials of war. That unusual emergency came. It came unexpectedly—as wars generally come. It came in spite of all he

could honorably do to avert it. It came to find the country unprepared for it, but it found him equal to all its extraordinary requirements.

"And it is no exaggeration to say that in all American history there is no chapter more brilliant than that which chronicles, with him as our commander-in-chief, our victory on land and sea. In one hundred days he drove Spain from the Western Hemisphere, gilded the earth with our acquisition and filled the world with the splendor of our power. The American name has a new and greater significance now. Our flag has a new glory. It not only symbolizes human liberty and political equality at home, but it means freedom and independence for the long-suffering patriots of Cuba, and complete protection, education and enlightenment, and ultimate local self-government and the enjoyment of all the blessings of liberty to the millions of Porto Rico and the Philippines. What we have so gloriously done for ourselves we propose most generously to do for them. We have so declared in the platform that we have adopted.

"A fitting place it is for the party to make such a declaration. Here in this magnificent city of Philadelphia, where the evidences so abound of the rich blessings the Republican party has brought to the American people; here at the birthplace of the Nation, where our own Declaration of Independence was adopted and our Constitution formed; where Washington and Jefferson and Hancock and John Adams and their illustrious associates wrote their immortal work; here, where center so many historic memories that stir the blood and flush the cheek and excite the sentiments of human liberty and patriotism, is indeed a most fitting place for the party of Lincoln and Grant and Garfield and Blaine.

"The party of union and liberty for all men formally dedicates itself to this great duty. We are now in the midst of its discharge. We could not turn back if we would, and we would not if we could. We are on trial before the world and must triumphantly meet our responsibilities or ignominiously fail in the presence of mankind. These responsibilities speak to this convention here and now, and command us that we choose to be our candidate and the next President—which is one and the same thing—the best fitted man for the discharge of this great duty in all the republic.

"On that point there is no difference of opinion. No man in all the Nation is so well qualified for this trust as the great leader under whom the work has been so far conducted. He has the head, he has the heart,

he has the special knowledge and the special experience that qualify him beyond all others. And he has also the stainless reputation and character and has led the blameless life that endear him to his countrymen and give to him the confidence, the respect, the admiration, the love and the affection of the whole American people. He is an ideal man, representing the highest type of American citizenship, an ideal candidate and an ideal President. With our banner in his hands it will be carried to triumphant victory on November next.

"In the name of all these considerations, not only on behalf of his beloved State of Ohio, but on behalf of every other State and Territory here represented, and in the name of all Republicans everywhere throughout our jurisdiction, I nominate to be our next candidate for the presidency, William McKinley."

The ringing speech of the Senator moved the enormous audience. The standards of the States were paraded, the band played the airs of fame and glory. Senator Hanna led the applause on the platform, and for a quarter of an hour business was suspended.

Governor Roosevelt took the platform to second the nomination of McKinley, and there was wild shouting "Roosevelt, Roosevelt," and these expressions were mingled with "Teddy, Teddy, Teddy." The Kansas folks, who were close to the rostrum, roared out "He's a dandy"

Governor Roosevelt waited patiently, but the greeting did not come to an end until he raised his right hand and waved his indication that he would like to be heard. His wishes were respected.

The Governor said:

"Mr. Chairman—I rise to second the nomination of William McKinley, the President who has had to meet and solve problems more numerous and more important than any other President since the days of mighty Abraham Lincoln; the President under whose administration this country has attained a higher pitch of prosperity at home and honor abroad than ever before in its history. Four years ago the Republican party nominated William McKinley as its standard bearer in a political conflict of graver moment to the Nation than any that had taken place since the close of the Civil War saw us once more a united country. The Republican party nominated him, but before the campaign was many days old he had become the candidate not only of all Republicans, but of all Americans who were both far-sighted enough to see where the true interests of the country lay, and clear-minded enough to be

keenly sensitive to the taint of dishonor. President McKinley was triumphantly elected on certain distinct pledges, and those pledges have been made more than good.

"We were then in a condition of industrial paralysis. The capitalist was plunged in ruin and disaster; the wage-worker was on the edge of actual want; the success of our opponents would have meant not only immense aggravation of the actual physical distress, but also a stain on the Nation's honor so deep that more than one generation would have to pass before it would be effectually wiped out. We promised that if President McKinley were elected not only should the national honor be kept unstained at home and abroad, but that the mill and the workshop should open, the farmer have a market for his goods, the merchant for his wares, and that the wage-worker should prosper as never before.

"We did not promise the impossible; we did not say that by good legislation and good administration there would come prosperity to all men; but we did say that each man should have a better chance to win prosperity than he had ever yet had. In the long run, the thrift, industry, energy and capacity of the individual must always remain the chief factors in his success. By unwise or dishonest legislation or administration on the part of the National authorities all these qualities in the individual can be nullified; but wise legislation and upright administration will give them free scope. And it was this free scope that we promised should be given.

"Well, we kept our word. The opportunity has been given, and it has been seized by American energy, thrift and business enterprise. As a result we have prospered as never before, and we are now prospering to a degree that would have seemed incredible four years ago, when the cloud of menace to our industrial well-being hung black above the land.

"So it has been in foreign affairs. Four years ago the Nation was uneasy because right at our doors an American island lay writhing in awful agony under the curse of worse than mediæval tyranny and misrule. We had our Armenia at our very doors, for the situation in Cuba had grown intolerable, and such that this Nation could no longer refrain from interference, and retain its own self respect. President McKinley turned to this duty as he had turned to others. He sought by every effort possible to provide for Spain's withdrawal from the island which she was impotent longer to do aught than oppress. Then when pacific

means had failed, and there remained the only alternative, we waged the most righteous and brilliantly successful foreign war that any country has waged during the lifetime of the present generation. It was not a great war, simply because it was won too quickly; but it was momentous indeed in its effects. It left us, as all great feats must leave those who perform them, an inheritance both of honor and of responsibility; and under the lead of President McKinley the Nation has taken up the task of securing orderly liberty and the reign of justice and law in the islands from which we drove the tyranny of Spain, with the same serious realization of duty and sincere purpose to perform it, that has marked the national attitude in dealing with the economic and financial difficulties that face us at home.

"This is what the Nation has done during the three years that have elapsed since we made McKinley President, and all this is what he typifies and stands for. We here nominate him again, and in November next we shall elect him again; because it has been given to him to personify the cause of honor abroad and prosperity at home, of wise legislation and straightforward administration. We all know the old adage about swapping horses while crossing a stream, and the still older adage about letting well enough alone. To change from President McKinley now would not be merely to swap horses. It would be to jump off the horse that had carried us across, and wade back into the torrents; and to put him for four years more into the White House means not merely to let well enough alone, but to insist that when we are thriving as never before we shall not be plunged back into an abyss of shame and panic and disaster.

"We have done so well that our opponents actually use this very fact as an appeal for turning us out. We have put the tariff on a foundation so secure; we have passed such wise laws on finance, that they actually appeal to the patriotic, honest men who deserted them at the last election to help them now; because, forsooth, we have done so well that nobody need fear their capacity to undo our work! I am not exaggerating. This is literally the argument that is now addressed to the Gold Democrats as a reason why they need no longer stand by the Republican party. To all such who may be inclined to listen to these specious arguments, I would address an emphatic word of warning. Remember that, admirable though our legislation has been during the

past three years, it has been rendered possible and effective only because there was a good Administration to back it.

"Wise laws are invaluable; but, after all, they are not as necessary as wise and honest administration of the laws. The best law ever made, if administered by those who are hostile to it, and who mean to break it down, cannot be wholly effective, and may be wholly ineffective. We have at last put our financial legislation on a sound basis, but no possible financial legislation can save us from fearful and disastrous panic if we trust our finances to the management of any man who would be acceptable to the leaders and guides of the Democracy in its present spirit. No Secretary of the Treasury who would be acceptable to, or who could without loss of self respect serve under, the Populistic Democracy, could avoid plunging this country back into financial chaos. Until our opponents have explicitly and absolutely repudiated the principles which in '96 they professed, and the leaders who embody these principles, their success means the undoing of the country. Nor have they any longer even the excuse of being honest in their folly.

"They have raved, they have foamed at the mouth, in denunciation of trusts, and, now, in my own State, their foremost party leaders, including the man before whom the others bow with bared head and trembling knee, have been discovered in a trust which really is of infamous, and perhaps of criminal character, a trust in which these apostles of Democracy, these prophets of the new dispensation, have sought to wring fortunes from the dire need of their poorer brethren.

"I rise to second the nomination of William McKinley because with him as a leader this country has trod the path of national greatness and prosperity with the strides of a giant, and because under him we can and will once more and finally overthrow those whose success would mean for the Nation material disaster and moral disgrace. Exactly as we have remedied the evils which in the past we undertook to remedy, so now, when we say that a wrong shall be righted, it most assuredly will be righted.

"We have nearly succeeded in bringing peace and order to the Philippines. We have sent thither, and to the other islands toward whose inhabitants we now stand as trustees in the cause of good government, men like Wood, Taft and Allen, whose very names are synonyms of integrity and guarantees of efficiency. Appointees like these, with subordinates chosen on grounds of merit and fitness alone, are evidence

## CHAPTER XIII.

### PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S LAST SPEECH.

For many reasons President McKinley's speech, at the Pan-American Exposition, Thursday, September 5th, will be long remembered and hold a place in history. It was the last day of the President's activity, his last public utterance and one of the most important of his addresses, remarkable for its far and clear look into the future, the final expression of his pride and happiness in the progress of the country, the prosperity of the people, and our standing as the foremost of the nations of the earth. This speech was the farewell address of President McKinley, and if it had been known to him that it was to be his leave-taking of his countrymen, it would hardly have been more dignified and impressive. While this noble speech was being delivered, the appointed murderer, who gave him his mortal wound the next day, was gliding about the Exposition grounds seeking the opportunity to assassinate the President. The knowledge of this circumstance will forever place upon this speech the distinction of delivery in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. It was a day on which his beloved wife was constantly with him.

The President was received at the Exposition with all the ceremonial honors, civil and military, due to his office.

Although the time announced for the departure of the President from the home of Mr. Milburn in Delaware avenue was 10 o'clock, crowds began to assemble in front of the house as early as 9 o'clock. A detail of police kept the crowd back from the sidewalk in front of the house, but those most eager to catch a glimpse of the President and Mrs. McKinley indiscriminately invaded the lawns of the adjoining residences, and some even went so far as to climb upon the verandas.

Promptly at 10 o'clock the President emerged from the home of Mr. Milburn, Mrs. McKinley accompanying him, walking by his side without assistance. A burst of cheers greeted them, which the President acknowledged by bowing and raising his hat.

An escort of mounted police and members of the signal corps surrounded the carriages, and the cavalcade set out for the Exposition grounds.

At the entrance to the Exposition grounds the President was met by detachments of the United States marines and the Seacoast Artillery and the Sixty-fifth and Seventy-fourth New York Regiments. A President's salute of twenty-one guns was fired. The President was at once escorted to the stand erected in the esplanade, where probably the greatest crowd ever assembled there greeted him with repeated cheers.

There was almost absolute quiet when President Milburn arose and introduced the President as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the President."

The great audience then broke out with a mighty cheer, which continued as President McKinley arose, and it was some minutes before he was able to proceed. When quiet was restored the President spoke as follows:

"I am glad to be again in the City of Buffalo and exchange greetings with her people, to whose generous hospitality I am not a stranger, and with whose good will I have been repeatedly and signally honored. To-day I have additional satisfaction in meeting and giving welcome to the foreign representatives assembled here, whose presence and participation in this Exposition have contributed in so marked a degree to its interests and success.

"To the commissioners of the Dominion of Canada and the British colonies, the French colonies, the republics of Mexico and of Central and South America, and the commissioners of Cuba and Porto Rico, who share with us in this undertaking, we give the hand of fellowship and felicitate with them upon the triumphs of art, science, education, and manufacture which the old has bequeathed to the new century.

"Expositions are the timekeepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise, and intellect of the people and quicken human genius. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of the people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student.

"Every exposition, great or small, has helped to some onward step. Comparison of ideas is always educational; and as such instructs the brain and hand of man. Friendly rivalry follows, which is the spur to industrial improvement, the inspiration to useful invention and to high endeavor in all departments of human activity. It exacts a study of the wants, comforts, and even the whims of the people and recognizes the efficacy of high quality and new prices to win their favor.

"The quest for trade is an incentive to men of business to devise, invent, improve, and economize in the cost of production. Business life, whether among ourselves or with other people, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less so in the future. Without competition we would be clinging to the clumsy and antiquated process of farming and manufacture and the methods of business of long ago, and the twentieth would be no farther advanced than the eighteenth century. But though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be.

"The Pan-American Exposition has done its work thoroughly, presenting in its exhibits evidences of the highest skill and illustrating the progress of the human family in the Western Hemisphere. This portion of the earth has no cause for humiliation for the part it has performed in the march of civilization. It has not accomplished everything; far from it. It has simply done its best, and without vanity or bashfulness, and, recognizing the manifold achievements of others, it invites the friendly rivalry of all the powers in the peaceful pursuits of trade and commerce, and will co-operate with all in advancing the highest and best interests of humanity. The wisdom and energy of all the nations are none too great for the world's work. The success of art, science, industry, and invention is an international asset and a common glory.

"After all, how near one to the other is every part of the world! Modern inventions have brought into close relation widely separated peoples and made them better acquainted. Geographic and political divisions will continue to exist, but distances have been effaced. Swift ships and fast trains are becoming cosmopolitan. They invade fields which a few years ago were impenetrable. The world's products are changed as never before, and with increasing transportation facilities come increasing knowledge and trade. Prices are fixed with mathematical precision by supply and demand. The world's selling prices are regulated by market and crop reports. We travel greater distances in a shorter space of time and with more ease than was ever dreamed of by the fathers.

"Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, the same day in all Christendom. The telegraph keeps us advised of what is occurring everywhere, and the press foreshadows, with more or less accuracy, the plans and purposes of the nations. Market prices of products and of securities are

hourly known in every commercial mart, and the investments of the people extend beyond their own national boundaries into the remotest parts of the earth.

"Vast transactions are conducted and international exchanges are made by the tick of the cable. Every event of interest is immediately bulletined. The quick gathering and transmission of news, like rapid transit, are of recent origin, and are only made possible by the genius of the inventor and the courage of the investor.

"It took a special messenger of the Government with every facility known at the time for rapid transit nineteen days to go from the City of Washington to New Orleans with a message to General Jackson that the war with England had ceased and a treaty of peace had been signed. How different now.

"We reached General Miles in Porto Rico by cable and he was able through the military telegraph to stop his army on the firing line with the message that the United States and Spain had signed a protocol suspending hostilities. We knew almost instantly of the first shots fired at Santiago, and the subsequent surrender of the Spanish forces was known at Washington within less than an hour of its consummation. The first ship of Cervera's fleet was hardly emerged from that historic harbor when the fact was flashed to our capital, and the swift destruction that followed was announced immediately through the wonderful medium of telegraphy.

"So accustomed are we to safe and easy communication with distant lands that its temporary interruption even in ordinary times results in loss and inconvenience. We shall never forget the days of anxious waiting and awful suspense when no information was permitted to be sent from Pekin, and the diplomatic representatives of the nations in China, cut off from all communication inside and outside of the walled capital, were surrounded by an angry and misguided mob that threatened their lives; nor the joy that thrilled the world when a single message from the Government of the United States brought through our Minister the first news of the safety of the besieged diplomats.

"At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe. Now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph; now we have a vast mileage traversing all lands and all seas. God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indiffer-

ent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other the less occasion is there for misunderstanding and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the court of arbitration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

"My fellow citizens, trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. They show that we are utilizing our fields and forests and mines and that we are furnishing profitable employment to the millions of workmen throughout the United States, bringing comfort and happiness to their homes and making it possible to lay by savings for old age and disability.

"That all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every American community and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings banks. Our duty is the care and security of these deposits, and their safe investment demands the highest integrity and the best business capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings.

"We have a vast and intricate business built up through years of toil and struggle, in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect or of undue selfishness. No narrow, sordid policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom on the part of the manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it.

"Our industrial enterprises which have grown to such great proportions affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention.

"Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

"By the sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production, we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus.

"A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell every-

thing and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor.

“Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can, and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

“The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not.

“If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?

“Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamers have already been put in commission between the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the eastern coast of the United States and South American ports.

“One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the convenience to carry it to the buyer.

“We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense, they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go.

“We must build the Isthmian Canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed.

“In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. This exposition would have

touched the heart of that American statesman whose mind was ever alert and thought ever constant for a larger commerce and a truer fraternity of the republics of the new world. His broad American spirit is felt and manifested here. He needs no identification to an assembly of Americans anywhere, for the name of Blaine is inseparably associated with the Pan-American movement which finds this practical and substantial expression, and which we all hope will be firmly advanced by the Pan-American congress that assembles this autumn in the capital of Mexico.

"The good work will go on. It cannot be stopped. These buildings will disappear; this creation of art, and beauty, and industry will perish from sight, but their influence will remain to

Make it live beyond its too short living  
With praises and thanksgiving.

"Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired, and the high achievements that will be wrought through this exposition? Gentlemen, let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence, and friendship, which will deepen and endure.

"Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness, and peace to all our neighbors and like blessings to all the people and powers of the earth."

The President's speech was frequently interrupted with applause, his words referring to the establishment of reciprocal treaties with other countries, the necessity of the American people building an Isthmian canal and a Pacific cable, and his reference to the work of Blaine in developing the Pan-American idea bringing forth especially enthusiastic cheers.

Upon the conclusion of the address a large number of people broke through the lines around the stand, and the President held an impromptu reception for fifteen minutes, shaking hands with thousands.

The carriages were then brought to the steps of the stand, and the President, accompanied by the diplomatic corps and specially invited guests, was taken to the stadium. When the President arrived there at

11:45 that structure was crowded to the last inch of standing-room. The troops stood at attention, while the President, accompanied by Colonel Chapin and the officers in command, reviewed them. Cheer after cheer from the vast assemblage greeted the Chief Executive as he walked from one end of the tribune to the other and back to the reviewing stand.

The troops then marched past the stand and performed intricate maneuvers for fifteen minutes.

Mrs. McKinley left that stand at the conclusion of the speechmaking and was taken to the Women's Building, where she was entertained by the women managers.

From the stadium the President proceeded to the Canadian Building, where he was met by the Canadian Commissioners and viewed the Canadian exhibits. He next visited the Agricultural Building, where he was met by such foreign commissioners as have no buildings of their own, but have exhibits in that building. From the Agricultural Building he visited in order the buildings of Honduras, Cuba, Chile, Mexico, Dominican Republic, Porto Rico, and Ecuador, where he was received by the commissioners of the respective countries.

The President and Mrs. McKinley visited the grounds that evening to view the illumination and fireworks.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE HOME LIFE OF OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT—ITS SACREDNESS AND SORROWS, BEAUTY AND TENDER- NESS—IT WAS A SANCTUARY OF LOVE AND DEVOTION.

Those who have had the privilege of seeing the home life of our late President must approach the subject of conveying some impression of it to others with a sense that this is a house of holiness and with the feeling that the rude shoes should be taken from the feet of one who intrudes, for indeed it is holy ground.

The writer has been in the Canton home—the one best loved of all—the home where so many years were spent—the Ebbitt House in Washington—the home at Columbus for the two terms there of Governor McKinley—in travel in the Adirondacks and by Lake Champlain—and in the grand old White House—and everywhere saw the President and wife one and inseparable, and felt that there was one constantly distinguishable sweetness and brightness mingled with the pathos of irreparable loss, and that which was ever present, never clouded, was a fondness, a loveliness, love itself, pure and true forever, unendless and unchangeable as that said in the Bible of God—in the one sentence that shines before, above and beneath the rest, “God is Love.”

When Ida Saxton and William McKinley were married, she was remarkable for her endowments and accomplishments, the strength of her character, the divine and the “fatal” gift of beauty. She was a sprightly bride, whose father was the “first citizen” of the city of Canton, a most honorable title. He was a man of strength of will and character, one who took command when he came to direct, and his daughter Ida was his idol. He was opposed to the way girls were educated, and had Ida trained in athletic exercises. It is especially a strange contrast that the gentle lady who shall live in history as the invalid wife of the President, the quiet, uncomplaining lady of the White House, weak as a child, but once strong as a child in winning grace, was in her early youth an athlete. Her father was not prejudiced against giving the young the advantages of travel, association and education in Europe,

and he sent her there, and when she returned he would have her for a clerk in his banking house, and through the window where her desk stood she saw every day marching up the street to his law office a young hero from the great war, who had won glory on the field of battle, and, fascinated with strenuous life of warfare, desired to be a military man, but was dissuaded by his father, who was proud of his soldier son, but believed first in the ways of peace. And Ida and William—it is the old story and the sweet one—loved each other and were married, and the house in Canton, now famous forever, was the wedding present of the first citizen to his daughter, and there they spent their earliest honeymoon, for all the moons of their lives were beautiful to them. Two children, Kate and Ida, came to them and tarried but a little while when the angels came and carried them away. The angels of the house were taken almost in company, for the younger lingered but a few days later than her sister, and the mother's health was shattered and she became what the world has known, and more than the world can know; and the childless couple, gave their love to each other as they mingled their sorrows, and they became to each other more and more as the years came with burdens and honors, but over all the homes there was the shadow of a cloud that will pass away when the strong man who has gone before the delicate woman welcomes her in the white light that abides and the family circle is complete in the perfect day.

When that excellent and admirable woman, the wife of President Hayes, was in the White House there was a young Congressman from the same State who was a comrade of President Hayes in the fierce battles in the valley of Virginia and at South Mountain and Antietam, and whenever the tide of battle rolled with many thunders to and fro along the Shenandoah and the Blue Ridge. The Colonel of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry had marked William McKinley when he was in the ranks with a musket for near two years, and he knew his capacity and sought to give the regiment and the country the benefit of promotion for gallant service as an enlisted man. The White House was one of the homes of Mr. and Mrs. McKinley, when the Major was in his congressional career.

In the Ebbitt House was arranged the Congressman's office, with books and documents, where as a public man he saw constituents and the friends that came from broader spaces. On the other side was the

invalid wife. The rooms were at the end of a hall looking upon Fourteenth street, and with the doors open on both sides the wife could knit and the husband write.

When he and Mrs. McKinley entered the White House and the Executive mansion became their home, they were not strangers there, for they had for years been guests always sure of welcome that was full of friendship and affection. Owing to the Spanish war President McKinley spent a great deal of the summer time, because it was a military necessity, in Washington. Whenever in the White House the one certain thing was that if he was seen Mrs. McKinley was not far away. In the summer his retreat in the evening with his cigar and friends was the South Portico, which was designed to be the front of the house, overlooking the Potomac. But the people have had their own way in Washington, as was constitutional and becoming. It was the grand design when the Capitol was located that Washington city should grow eastward, but the White House was placed a mile west and the growth ran that way. The South Portico of the White House was sometimes a good place to test the Potomac mosquito, and it took a good deal of cigar smoke to drive the enterprising insect away.

The President's way of speaking to his wife was to call her "Ida," and as he called there was music in his voice. There was not only love in his tone, but a fine deference, and her pale face always brightened when he called her name. One summer's day in Canton, it was the 18th of June, 1896, Waterloo Day, there were a score of guests at the McKinley home, and a great commotion was going on at St. Louis. Governor McKinley, he was called then, had been sitting at his desk on one side of the hall with half a dozen men around, and his wife was in her parlor across the hall surrounded by ladies, among them the Major's revered mother. As the President waited and marked a card on which were printed the names of the States and numbers of electoral votes they had he was computing the number of votes the several candidates for the Presidency were receiving. A veteran observer by his side noticed that he was humming low and softly an air—and it was "Bannockburn"—the Scotch war blood telling. The Major did not know he was singing "Welcome to your gory bed, or to glorious victory." Over the wires came the Ohio vote, "for Wm. McKinley 42 votes," and the Major arose and crossed the hall and, bending over his wife, said, "Ida, the vote of Ohio has nominated me." She kissed him and he turned to

## CHAPTER XV.

HOW PRESIDENT McKINLEY FACED THE PEOPLE—HOW HE  
MET THE RETURNING BRAVE—THE MEN OF LABOR—  
SPOKE WITH THE POWER OF CANDOR IN THE CITIES  
OF THE SOUTH—BEFORE THE OHIO SOCIETY—  
THE BOSTON HOME MARKET CLUB AND ON  
THE ANTIETAM BATTLE FIELD.

Addressing the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, on their return from the Philippines, in a Pittsburg park, President McKinley told them: "You added new glory to American arms. You and your brave comrades engaged on other fields of conflict have enlarged the map of the United States and extended the jurisdiction of American liberty. The Eighth Army Corps in the Philippines has made a proud and exceptional record. Privileged to be mustered out in April, when the ratifications of the treaty of peace were exchanged, they did not claim the privilege.

"They did not stack arms. They did not run away. They were not serving the insurgents in the Philippines or their sympathizers at home. They had no part or patience with the men, few in number, happily, who would have rejoiced to see them lay down their arms in the presence of an enemy whom they had just emancipated from Spanish rule.

"They furnished an example of devotion and sacrifice which will brighten the glorious record of American valor. They have secured not alone the gratitude of the government and the people, but for themselves and their descendants an imperishable distinction. They may not fully appreciate, and the country may not, the heroism of their conduct and its important support to the government. I think I do, and so I am here to express it."

President McKinley's speeches to the people during his travels have been very notable and acceptable on account of their manly candor. His greetings to the returned soldiers from the Philippines were most hearty and affectionate and full of gratitude for their patriotic devo-

tion, especially to those who remained at the front longer than the terms of their enlistment required, until a new army could be prepared to meet the difficulty that was unexpected. He said at Fargo, North Dakota, October 13th, 1899, addressing the North Dakota Volunteers:

"I have come especially that I might look into the faces of the North Dakota Volunteers—the two battalions who saw service on the battle-line in Luzon. I came that I might speak to them the welcome and the 'Well done.' You did your duty and you filled my heart with joy when you, with the other volunteers and regulars of the Eighth Corps, sent me word as President that you would remain at the battle-front in Luzon until a new army could be created to take your place. You refused to beat retreat or strike your colors in the presence of the enemy, no matter who advised you to come home. You said, 'We will stay and keep the flag stainless in the presence of the enemy.' And, my fellow-citizens, no soldier ever had a more delicate or trying duty. This army, of which this fragment from your State formed a part, remained in Luzon, waiting, first for the treaty of peace which was being negotiated in Paris, then for its ratification by the Senate of the United States, then until the exchange of ratifications between the United States and Spain—waiting through all that long period, accepting the insolence of the insurgents with a patient dignity which characterized the American soldiers, who were under the orders of the Executive that they must not strike a blow, pending the treaty of peace, except in defense. I say they bore these taunts with a patience sublime. We never dreamed that the little body of insurgents whom we had just emancipated from oppression—we never for a moment believed that they would turn upon the flag that had sheltered them against Spain. So our soldiers patiently bore, through the long months, the insults of that band of misguided men under the orders of an ambitious leader. Then the insurgent chief ordered an attack upon our line, and our boys made a gallant defense. But I want to do them the credit to say, here in the presence of their neighbors and their friends, their fathers and their mothers, that they forbore all things rather than disobey an order from the government they were serving."

Here the President referred to his order forbidding the United States troops to fire upon the insurgent Filipinos, except in self-defense. Speaking of this, in Iowa, he said:

"The American soldiers did not begin hostilities against the insur-

"April, 1899, the date of the exchange of ratifications, there were only 27,000 regulars subject to the unquestioned direction of the Executive, and they for the most part on duty in Cuba and Porto Rico, or invalided at home after their severe campaign in the tropics. Even had they been available, it would have required months to transport them to the Philippines. Practically a new army had to be created. These loyal volunteers in the Philippines said: 'We will stay until the government can organize an army at home and transport it to the seat of hostilities.'

"They did stay, cheerfully, uncomplainingly, patriotically. They suffered and sacrificed, they fought and fell, they drove back and punished the rebels who resisted federal authority, and who with force attacked the sovereignty of the United States in its newly acquired territory. Without them then and there we would have been practically helpless on land, our flag would have had its first stain, and the American name its first ignominy. The brilliant victories of the army and navy in the bay and city of Manila would have been won in vain, our obligations to civilization would have remained temporarily unperformed, chaos would have reigned, and whatever government there was would have been by the will of one man, and not with the consent of the governed. Who refused to sound the retreat? Who stood in the breach when others weakened? Who resisted the suggestions of the unpatriotic that they should come home?

"Let me call the roll of honor—let me name the regiments and battalions that deserve to be perpetuated in the nation's annals. Their action was not a sudden impulse born of excitement, but a deliberate determination to sustain, at the cost of life, if need be, the honor of their government and the authority of its flag.

"First California, California Artillery, First Colorado, First Idaho, Fifty-first Iowa, Twentieth Kansas, Thirteenth Minnesota, First Montana, First Nebraska, First North Dakota, Nevada Cavalry, Second Oregon, Tenth Pennsylvania, First South Dakota, First Tennessee, Utah Artillery, First Washington, First Wyoming, Wyoming Battery, First, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth Companies Volunteer Signal Corps."

Here the President referred to regulars and marines, who deserved the credit given the volunteers.

Addressing the Chicago Bricklayers and Stone Masons, Chicago, October 10, 1899, President McKinley said:

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE SHADOW OF DEATH—THE LAST HOURS OF THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

During the days of confidence that the President would recover, he was so brave and patient and kindly that his very calmness and courage—the fortitude of his composure seemed to deceive the physicians themselves and they misinformed the country. In this period of suspense, apprehension and hope, there were many troubled minds, that the recovery of the President would result in setting free the bloody scoundrel, but the President's death changed the scene for the murderer and his accomplices, and there will be a law for the preservation of Presidents rather than to avenge their death when victims of the groups of demons whose rising impudence has been long enough a menace and scandal.

The tenderest scene of the terrible drama at Buffalo was the parting of the dying President and his wife. At the same time, the assassin was informed he had killed the President and said it was what he "tried to do," and he was hurried away from the station house and placed behind the strong walls of the penitentiary.

It was early in the evening, September 13th, that the administration of oxygen aroused the President from a comatose condition, when he opened his eyes and looked about with that kindly, gentle expression which has made all who have been in the sick room love him. They saw that he was trying to say something. They bent over him. "Mrs. McKinley," he almost whispered and then he closed his eyes wearily. It was evident that he knew that the end was at hand, that the time for leave-taking, for everlasting farewells had come.

She was helped into her husband's room by Mrs. McWilliams, but Mr. McKinley had again fallen into unconsciousness. After waiting a few moments she obeyed the suggestion of those about and went back to her room.

About 8 o'clock Mr. McKinley recovered consciousness again and again he whispered Mrs. McKinley's name. Once more they brought her

## CHAPTER XLI.

### PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S FUNERAL AT BUFFALO, WASHINGTON AND CANTON.

Wonderful Scenes of Sorrow—The Simple Solemnities at Buffalo and the Tremendous Masses of People—A Somber Day at Washington—The Farewell to President McKinley at Canton almost Unbearable.

There were three remarkable funerals of President McKinley: in Buffalo, the city where the assassin slew him; Washington City, where was his post of public duty filling the office the most exalted in the country and the most varied and vast in its potentialities in the world; and Canton, Ohio, the city of his home, where his father and mother and children are buried. The route of the funeral train from Buffalo to Washington and from Washington to Canton, is made plain below:



Mrs. McKinley seemed to have found strength in the last days of her sorrows in Buffalo. She seemed to be lifted up by the masterful kindness of her husband, who turned to her as he was passing away. It is infinitely pathetic that the President, when shot, first thought of her, and commanded that she should as far as possible be saved from the dreadful knowledge, and when at length his failure of force to rally appeared to him, he sent for her, and they clasped hands and had their simple and sublime good-bye talk. In a few words he gave Christendom a new chapter and song of faith and love, and she was able to go away exalted to endure. When she knew she was to go away in a funeral train, she was brought to an awful realization of her loss, and the strain became beyond her fortitude, and she had paroxysms of weeping and could not be comforted. Her journey from Buffalo to Washington and the return to Canton was like a hideous dream. It was in Niagara Square, Buffalo, that the public gathered to honor the dead before the departure for Washington. The funeral train was run according to the wish of Mrs. McKinley, that the body of her husband should rest in her home at Canton Wednesday night, and changes were made accordingly.

Solemn and impressive, full of the lessons that the President had sought to live out in their fullness, there was no pomp or circumstance to the closing scenes in the now famous Milburn house.

With the sacred hymns that had been his favorite music, with the loving words of those who had known him only to love him, with just a few of the nearest and the dearest of the countless men and women who had been proud to call him their friend gathered at the side of his bier, the noble victim of a wanton wretch was prepared for his last journey.

Then the casket was closed over its precious burden and borne through the streets of the city to where the multitude might pass in one long, sad procession for the last view of the kindly face, and ninety thousand people availed themselves of the opportunity when the movement from the historical house was begun. Senator Hanna was the last man to look upon the President's face, and saw it thinned and stern lines seemingly engraven in it, while the Senator looked weary and aged. The casket was closed and the soldiers and sailors advanced from the points where they had been stationed. Lifting it gently on their broad shoulders they slowly began their solemn march to the

hearse, which stood waiting outside. Close behind the casket followed President Roosevelt, with Secretary Root on his left and the other members of the Cabinet following. Slowly, very slowly, they took their way into the hall, out of the front door, down the steps and down the walk to the hearse, while a band posted across the street softly played, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee;  
E'en though it be a cross,  
That raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Tho' like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou send'st to me,  
In mercy given,  
Angels to beckon me,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

In the first carriage President Roosevelt, Secretary Root, Postmaster-General Smith and Attorney-General Knox took seats, and started out on their long drive to the city hall. In the second carriage sat Secretaries Wilson, Hitchcock and Long and Secretary Cortelyou. General Brooke sat alone in the third carriage, and Dr. and Mrs. Locke occupied the fourth.

Then came the hearse, drawn by four great, black horses. Walking beside the hearse were the active pallbearers, the soldiers and marines and a detail from the Grand Army of the Republic followed close behind. Next came a company of marines from Camp Haywood at the Pan-American Exposition, then the Sixty-fifth Regiment Band, a company of the Fourteenth Regiment stationed at Fort Porter, a company each from the Sixty-fifth and Seventy-fourth regiments and a detail of sailors and marines from the steamship Michigan.

The funeral cortege left the Milburn house at 11:45 o'clock. Slowly and solemnly, in time to the funeral march, it moved between two huge masses of men, women and children, stretching away two miles and a half to the city hall. Nearly two hours were required to traverse the distance.

Fully fifty thousand people saw it pass. They were packed into windows, perched on roofs, massed on verandas, and compressed into solid masses covering the broad sidewalks and grass plots.

Directly above the spot where the coffin was to lie there was a dome of black bunting, within which hung straight down above the coffin four American flags, forming with their lower edges a cross which pointed to the four points of the compass.

President Roosevelt and the Cabinet ranged themselves about the spot where the body was to rest. Mr. Roosevelt stood at the foot of the coffin on its right hand, with Secretary Root opposite and facing him. On President Roosevelt's left were Attorney-General Knox, Sec-

retary Long and Secretary Wilson. On Mr. Root's right hand were Postmaster-General Smith, Secretary Hitchcock and Mr. Cortelyou.

The casket's upper half was open. The lower half was draped in a flag upon which were masses of red and white roses. The body of the President lay on its back and was clad in a black frock coat, with the left hand resting across the breast. One glance at the face, startlingly changed from its appearance in life, told the story of the suffering which had been endured.

More than twice as many as could hope to get through the lines in that time came from all over western New York until fully 200,000 were massed during the morning. In the face of such a concourse the limit was extended, but the patient thousands did not know it. They merely stayed on through the storms and hoped.

For nearly ten hours they streamed through the city hall corridor where the President lay, passing in two lines which formed faster than they melted. Ten thousand an hour flowed past until weather and physical collapse wore out other thousands and the thinned lines ended at eleven o'clock at night.

In preparation for the arrival at Washington, the sergeant-at-arms had the catafalque which supported the remains of Lincoln, Garfield and other statesmen brought out of the crypt. It was covered with new black cloth. Upon this gloomy furniture the remains of three murdered Presidents have been placed, the three most liberal, kind, gentle statesmen who ever filled the great office—all of them massacred for their virtues, their good will to man, and loyalty to the Constitution.

Sombre weather greeted the funeral train at Washington. The day on which the National Capital paid its last respects to the third martyred President was the anniversary of the battle of Antietam, the bloodiest single day's fighting in the great single war. This comparison is made between the pageantry on the 4th of March last and the day of bereavement:

The universal sadness was too deep to be turned back by the force of the elements, and the sorrowful multitudes which viewed the funeral pageant to-day were almost as great as those which, on a more joyous occasion, six months ago, saw President McKinley driven to the capitol for his second inauguration. The weather on the two occasions was similar, with a difference only in temperature, but the

crowds which cheered and applauded on March 4 were silent and weeping to-day.

The distance from the White House to the capitol is one mile, and along the whole route of the funeral procession crowds packed the broad sidewalks from building to curb. Rain fell almost incessantly, but the numbers of spectators were continued undiminished during the hours while the melancholy parade was passing.

There was nothing that recalled the reason of the procession more forcibly to mind than the tolling of bells. If anything had been needed to subdue the minds of the crowds, it should have been found in this tolling. From the moment the strokes began, at the start of the procession from the White House, the great crowds were hushed.

So great was the desire of those in every walk of life who assembled for the purpose to see the body of the late President lying in state that a tremendous crush occurred under the shadow of the tall white dome. As a result many persons were injured, some perhaps fatally, and a scene was enacted on the broad piazza in front of the capitol that struck horror to the hearts of those who saw it.

As the sweet notes of Mr. McKinley's favorite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," floated through the great rotunda the assemblage rose to its feet. Bared heads were bowed and eyes streamed with tears. At the close of the hymn, as the Rev. Dr. Naylor, presiding elder of the Washington district, rose to offer prayer, the hush that fell upon the people was profound. When, in ending, he repeated the immortal words of the Lord's prayer, the great audience joined solemnly with him. The murmur of their voices resembled the roll of far distant surf.

Scarcely had the word amen been breathed when the liquid tone of that sweetly pleading song, "Some Time We'll Understand," went straight to the heart of every auditor.

The venerable Bishop Edwin G. Andrews of Ohio, the oldest Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, then took his position at the head of the bier. A gentle breeze through the rotunda stirred the delicate blooms which lay upon the coffin, and the "peace that passeth all understanding" seemed to rest upon the venerable man's countenance as he began his eulogy of the life and works of William McKinley. His words were simple, but his whole heart was in every one of them.

At the end of the sermon the audience, as if by prearrangement, joined the choir in singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." All present

seemed to be imbued with a sentiment of hallowed resignation as the divine blessing was asked by the Rev. W. H. Chapman, acting pastor of the Metropolitan M. E. Church, upon both the living and the dead.

Mrs. McKinley, bereft of husband and prostrated by her overwhelming sorrow, did not attend the services at the capitol. It was deemed wise by those now nearest and dearest to her that she should not undergo the ordeal her attendance would entail upon her. She remained at the White House comforted by every attention that loving thoughtfulness could suggest.

One of the thousands of incidents showing the grief of the people over the death of McKinley occurred in Bridgeport, Connecticut, when the services on the Sunday after the President's death were interrupted by an outburst of sorrowful emotion.

As the pastor ceased speaking Mrs. F. H. Lyford, the soprano, started to lead the choir in the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," but faltered, and her voice sank to a whisper. She attempted the second time, but sank into a seat sobbing. The others in the quartet were so affected that they could not proceed.

Soon Mrs. Lyford became hysterical, and the pastor went from the pulpit to the choir loft to quiet her. His efforts were unavailing, and Mrs. Lyford, still sobbing, was taken home.

The congregation was affected almost as deeply as Mrs. Lyford, and it was ten minutes before the pastor could proceed with the service. After a few words Pastor Cheney was obliged to dismiss the congregation, and every member was weeping.

There was placed upon the bier of the President at Washington a white shield in flowers with the Eighth Army Corps badge in the center. This was in response to General Chaffee's cable:

"Manila, September 15.—The officers and the soldiers of the Division of the Philippines beg the department to place an appropriate floral design on the bier of the President of the United States as a token of a great sorrow. They offer their deepest sympathy to Mrs. McKinley.

—Chaffee."

The train leaving Buffalo at 8:30 a. m., September 16th, reached Washington at 9 p. m. The remains were carried, under the escort of a squadron of United States cavalry, to the Executive Mansion, where



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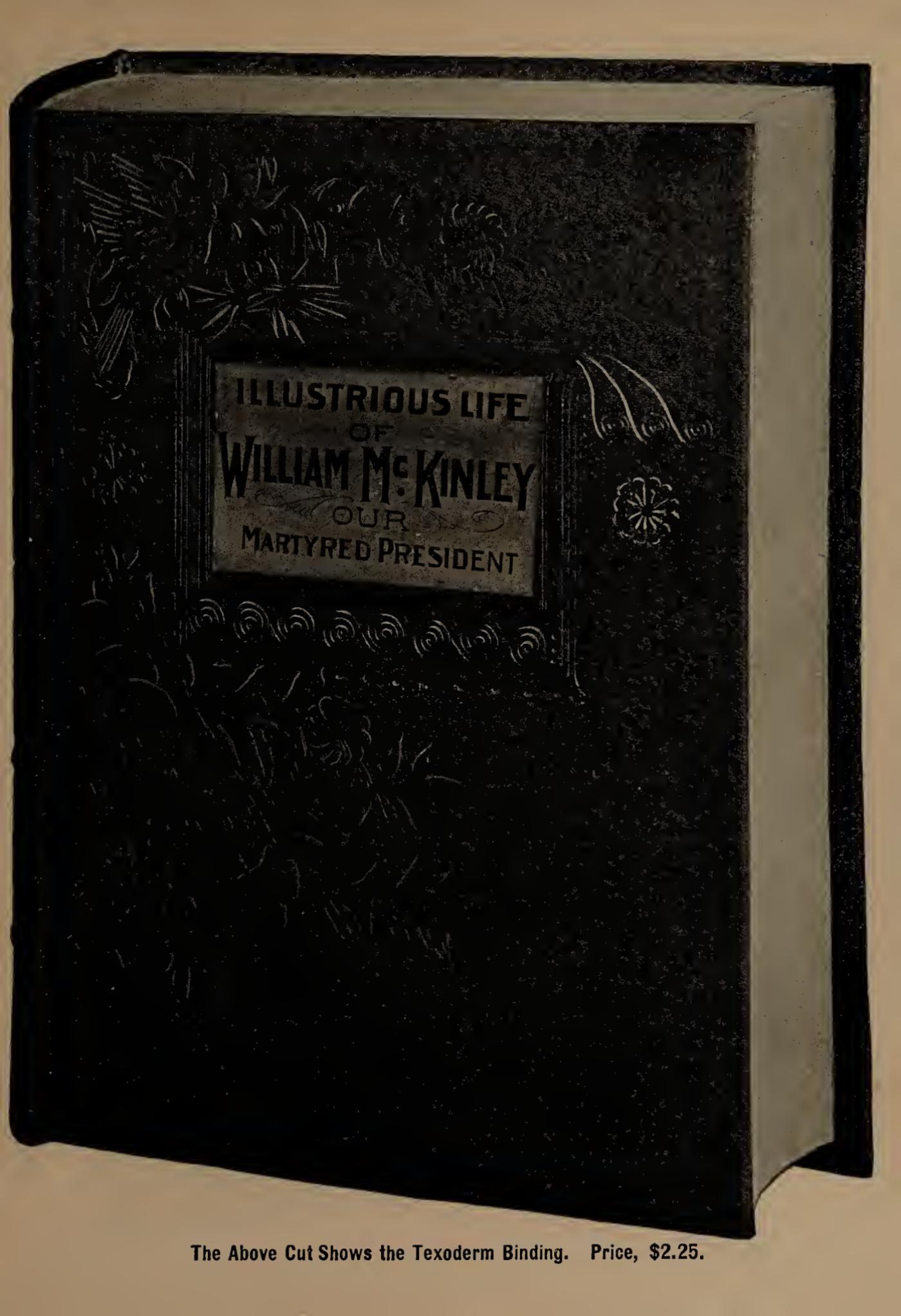






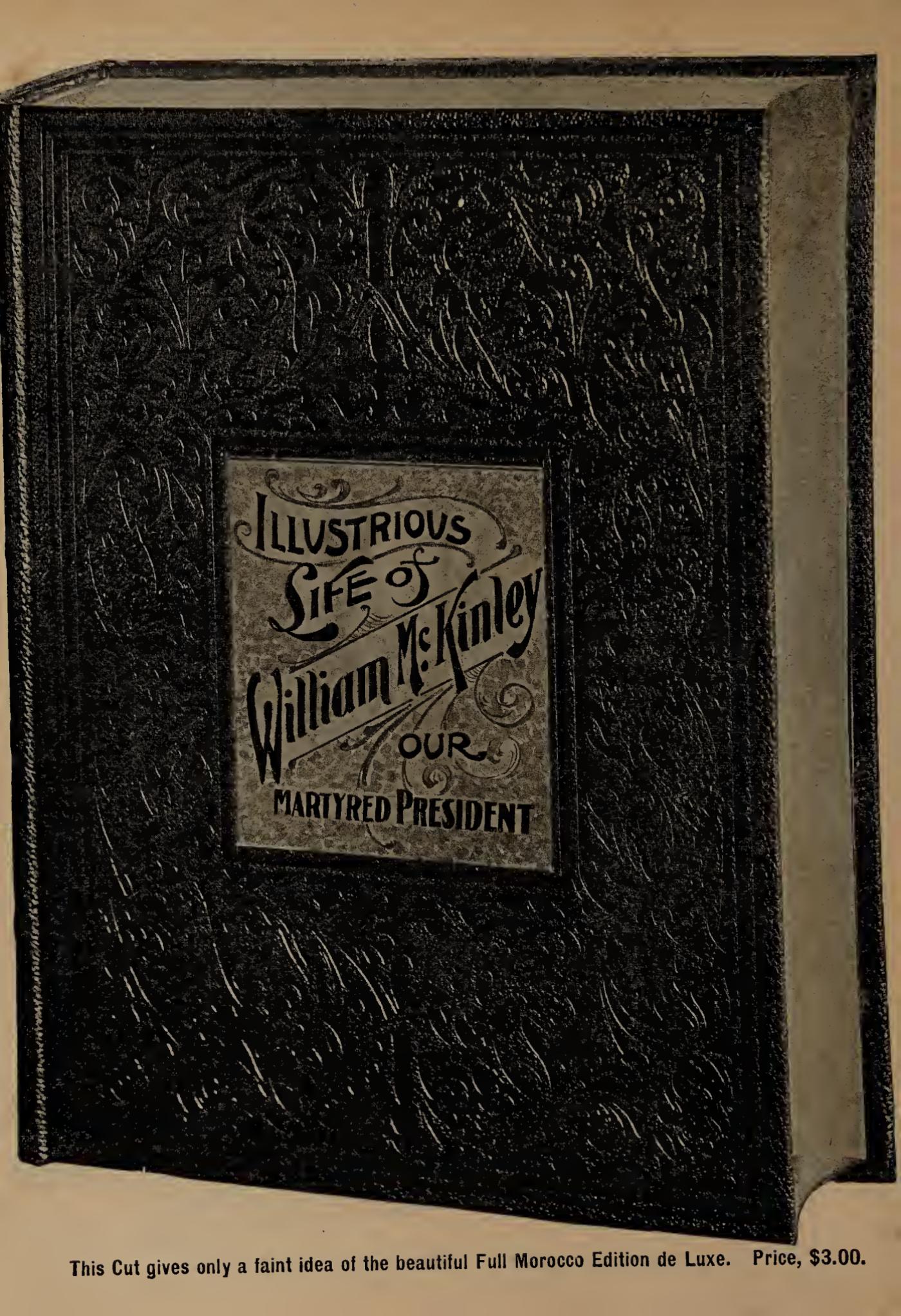






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